

Tunbridge - Walks :

OR, THE

YEOMAN of KENT.

A

C O M E D Y.

By Mr. BAKER.

—— *Ridentem dicere verum*

Quid vetat ?

HORAT.

D U B L I N :

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PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Pinkethman*.

YOU dreadful Sons of War, who hither come,
To fright fair Maids in Masks, and storm their
Boom;

You soft Sirs, who at home indulge your Ease,
And hate French Bullets worse than French Disease:

You Courtiers, who in Wit, and Judgment grow,
For where the Money Ebbs, the Wit shou'd Flow;

And you Citts, who so brisk, and plump appear,
Fatn'd with good Quest-Ale, and Christmas Cheer;

The Poet by me, Envoy, here to Day,

Welcomes you to a pleasant, airy Play:

The Comick Writer still supports our Stage,

We live by the Good-Nature of the Age.

Let others be with Tragick Lawrel's crown'd,

Where undisturb'd the Hero struts around,

And empty Boxes eccho to the Sound.

Plays are design'd for Mirth, to make us glad,

Damn'd Fortune's Plagues too often prove us sad;

Debts, Judgments, and a Bayliff at the Door,

Or cruel Sempstresses, when Love boils o're:

But tho' to teaze us, more such Plagues combine,

All are dispers'd with Humour, Wit, and Wine.

This Night our Author to divert your Spleen,

'Mongst Crowds o' Fools at Tunbridge lays his Scene;

PROLOGUE.

*Where Beaus, and City Wives in Medly come,
The brisk Gallant supplies the Husband's room
Whilst he, dear harmless Cuckold, packs up Goods at home.
Some Plot he has, some Conversation too,
Some Characters found out, he thinks are new,
But with what Skill they're drawn, he leaves to you.
A nice built Play, he begs you'll not expect,
Young Poets have the Fire, old Authors are correct.
To Humour chiefly, he'd his Genius bend,
On your judicious Smiles his Hopes depend,
And as he still writes on, he'll strive to mend.*

EPILOGUE.



EPILOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

Design'd for the Captain.

AT Tunbridge I have made my first Campaign,
Nor have I wore these borrow'd Plumes in vain,
Since my Red-Coat has helpt me to a Spouse,
Who has (I thank her) brought me, — ne'er a Souse,
The World's a Cheat, most Men disguis'd appear,
And fain wou'd seem to be, what least they are.
The Out-side's all, Virtue's an empty Name,
That cloaks the subtle Knave, and willing Dame.
Each prostitute, worn out with frequent Sinning,
Wou'd still persuade you, 'tis her first Beginning.
Amongst you well-dress'd powder'd Sparks that sit,
The awful Judges of the Poet's Wit,
Here's some Perhaps my Character wou'd hit;
Who think it safer, here at home to fall
By Ladies Eyes, than by a Cannon Ball:
But as the Painter, so the Poet too,
What shou'd be hid, screens from too nice a View;
And when some Stroaks have the Design exprest,
Chuses to draw a Shadow o're the rest.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Loveworth,</i>	{ A Man of an Estate, in Love with <i>Hillaria.</i>	Mr. Stayley.
<i>Reynard,</i>	{ A Gentleman that lives by his Wits.	Mr. King.
<i>Woodcock,</i>	A Yeoman of Kent,	Mr. Sparks.
<i>Squib,</i>	{ A Fluttering Fop-Militia Captain,	Mr. Glover.
<i>Maiden,</i>	{ A Nice-Fellow, that values himself upon all Effeminacies,	Mr. Ryder.

W O M E N.

<i>Belinda,</i>	{ Daughterto <i>Woodcock,</i>	Miss Mason.
<i>Hillaria,</i>	{ Sister to <i>Reynard</i> a Railing, Mimicking Lady,	Mrs. Kennedy.
<i>Mrs. Goodfellow,</i>	{ A Lady that loves her Bottle,	Mrs. Farrel.
<i>Penelope,</i>	{ Her Niece, an Heroick Trapes,	Mrs. Pye.
<i>Lucy,</i>	Maid to <i>Hillaria,</i>	Mrs. Pakenham.

Singers, Dancers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE TUNBRIDGE.

Time, Twelve Hours.



Tunbridge-Walks :

OR THE

YEOMAN OF KENT.



ACT I. SCENE I.

A Common Room in a Lodging-House.

Reynard and Loveworth meeting.

Low. **F** RANK Reynard!

Rey. Ned Loveworth! Slave to London, and Darling of the fair Sex, left his Mistress, his Bottle, and his Friend, to visit the Country!

Low. To the Pleasures of the Town I own my self devoted, but *London* now is a perfect Solitude, Business and Diversion have dispers'd every Body—Lawyers are gone their Circuits to plague the poor Country People—Tradesmen to cheat at Fairs—Courtiers to avoid their Creditors, and younger Brothers to sponge a Month with their Relations; no Plays, no Park, no Intrigues, not a Cully left to keep Wenching in Countenance; so that the poor Women o' the Town are forc'd to live virtuously in spite of Nature; but *Tunbridge* I suppose is the Seat of Pleasure; prithee, What Company does the Place afford?

Rey. Like most publick Assemblies, a Medley of all sorts, Fops Majestick and Diminutive, from the long flaxen Wig with a splendid Equipage, to the Merchant's spruce Prentice that's always mighty neat about the Legs; Squires come to court some fine Town-Lady,

and Town-Sparks to pick up a Ruffet-Gown ; for the Women here are wild Country-Ladies, with ruddy Cheeks like a *Sevil-Orange*, that gape, stare, scamper, and are brought hither to be disciplin'd ; Fat City-Ladies with tawdry Atlasses, in defiance of the Act of Parliament ; and slender Court-Ladies, with *French Scarffs*, *French Aprons*, *French Night-Clothes*, and *French Complexions*.

Lov. But what are the chief Diversions here ?

Rey. Each to his Inclination — Beaus Raffle and Dance — Citts play at Nine-Pins, Bowls, and Baggammon — Rakes scour the Walks, bully the Shopkeepers, and beat the Fidlers — Men of Wit rally over Claret, and Fools get to the *Royal-Oak* Lottery, where you may lose Fifty Guineas in a Moment, have a Crown return'd you for Coach-hire, a Glas of Wine, and a hearty Welcome — In short, 'tis a Place wholly dedicated to Freedom, no Distinction, either of Quality or Estate, but ev'ry Man that appears well converses with the best.

Lov. But who is the top Beauty of the *Wells*, the grand Toast of the Men, and Envy of the Women ?

Rey. Ev'ry one wou'd be so : But your old Mistress *Hillaria* still bears the Crowd ; her Wit and Beauty support each other, and her Dress and Conversation are ev'ry Day so prettily vary'd, she always appears new : The Women love her Company, but hate her Pow'r, and the Beaus flutter about her in all the Airy Postures of *French Gallantry*, whom she still keeps off with her easie Raillery, and not one dares engage her.

Lov. If she has so many new Sparks, she'll look but coldly on an old Pretender ; but if she's so severe upon the Beaus, I wonder they don't appear dash'd, and retire.

Rey. Not at all ; because their Vanity construes every thing to their own Advantage ; and they take Raillery from a Lady, to be as great a Mark of Esteem, as they think a Lampoon is of being considerable enough to be taken notice of — I always observe, that Men of the greatest Sense are most doubtful of their own Merit ; but a Fool, that has Assurance enough to support his

his Folly, thinks he has Wit enough to carry him thro' the World—But here comes old *Woodcock* the Yeoman o' *Kent*, that's half Farmer and half Gentleman; his Horses go to Plow all the Week, and are put into the Coach o' *Sunday*; he has brought his Daughter hither, a Lady ev'ry way agreeable; but her Father is so great a Humourist, that notwithstanding he allows her all the Gaiety of Body, he obliges her to the ancient Custom of wearing a High-Crown Hat: To her I intend my Addresses, but would first sound his Inclinations; for when an old Fellow knows he has a handsome Daughter, and can give her a good Fortune, he is generally very capricious in the Disposing of her.

Enter *Woodcock*.

Good Morrow, Mr. *Woodcock*, you are exercising yourself after the Waters, I see.

Woodc. You are Mistaken, Mr. *Reynard*, we Country Gentlemen live honestly, and have no occasion to scour our Vessels.

Lov. But *Tunbridge-Waters*, Sir, have another Virtue; they help the Understanding, and quicken the Wit, and that you Country Gentlemen, may have occasion for.

Woodc. When I find, Sir, they have had a better Effect upon you *Londiners*, perhaps I may try 'em—Look you, Gentlemen, we in the Country don't pretend to Raillery: If we have Wit enough to keep our Chickens from the Kites, and our Wives, and Daughters, from you ravenous Town-Sparks, we neither Envy your flashy Air, nor desire to be thought Weather-cocks.

Rey. But they say, Sir, you are blest in a Daughter, that's beauteous to Admiration, your only Child, and Heirefs to your Estate; and notwithstanding your Aver-sion to the Town, I suppose you design her for some very fine Gentleman.

Woodc. No, no, Mr. *Reynard*; your modern fine Gentleman is too much a *Narcissus* to value a Wife; he marries only to repair his Estate, never appears abroad with her after the first Month, nor lies with her but in *Lent*, for Mortification—The Prodigal Cit too takes

a Wife only for conveniency to look after his Shop while he goes a Stock-Jobbing, grows jealous from his own Imperfections, swears she keeps Company with my Lord such a one, sues out a Divorce right or wrong, and turns her out of Doors ; then spends her Fortune upon some *Coven-Garden* Miss, and like the rest of your whoring Citizens, pretends he's Pysichy, and is forc'd to lie out of Town every Night——No *Londoner* shall either ruin my Daughter, or waste my Estate——If he be a Gamester, 'tis rattl'd away in two Nights——If a lewd Fellow, 'tis divided into Settlements——If a nice Pop, then my Cherry-Trees are cut down to make Terras-Walks, and my ancient Mannor-House, that's noted for good Eating, demolish'd to build up a modern Kickshaw, like my Lord *Courtair's* Seat about a Mile off, with Sashes, Pictures, and *China* ; but never any Victuals dress'd in the House for fear the Smoak of the Chimney should fuly the nice Furniture——Look ye, Mr. *Reynard*, The *Woodcocks* of *Kent* are an ancient Family, and were the first that oppos'd *William* the Conqueror ; therefore I'll have my Name kept up ; and to marry my Daughter to a Beau, with Spindle Shanks, a small Shape, and a long meagre Face, I'm sure isn't the way to increase her Family.

Key. So that instead of providing her a Gentleman, you'd sacrifice her to a Brute ; who has neither Manners enough to be thought rational, Education enough for a Justice of Peace, nor Wit enough to distinguish fine Conversation from the yelping of Dogs ; hunts all the Morning, topes all the Afternoon, and then goes lovingly drunk to Bed to his Wife.

Woode. And pray, What are your Town Diversions ?——To hear a Parcel of *Italian* Eunuchs, like so many Cats, squawll out somewhat you don't understand——The Song of my Lady's *Birrh Day*, by an honest Farmer, and a merry Jig by a Country-Wench that has Humour in her Buttocks, is worth forty on't : Your Plays, your Park, and all your Town Diversions together, don't afford half so substantial a Joy as going home thoroughly wet and Dirty, after a fatiguing Fox-Chace, and shifting one's self by a good Fire——Nei-
ther

ther are we Country Gentlemen such Ninnies as you make us ; we have good Estates, therefore want not the Knavery, and Cunning of the Town, but we are loyal Subjects, true Friends, and never scruple to take our Bottle, because we are guilty of nothing which we are afraid of discovering in our Cups— To such a Man I'd marry my Daughter: One who has Humanity enough to know how to use a Woman well, and loves the Country well enough to live in't; and manage his Estate himself without trusting it to a rascally Steward, who will ruin my Family to raise his own.

Lov. But, who have we here ?

Enter Squib.

Rey. Captain *Squib* !

Squ. Gentlemen, I kiss your Foot-steeps.

Lov. But how now, *Squib*, How long hast thou been intitl'd to Scarlet? Prithee, what Regiment has the Honour of thy Protection?

Squ. Why, truly Gentlemen, finding how irresistible a red Coat is amongst the Ladies, I have lately made interest to be an Officer in the City train'd Bands— When I march through *Cheapside* on a Training-day, How the Citizens Wives stare after me— There's an Air says one, there's a Face says another, there are Legs says a third, sigh, then go to Bed, and Cuckold their Husbands by the Force of Imagination.

Rey. But wou'd n't it gain you more Reputation, Captain, to make a Campaign? There you might serve your Country, and justly merit the Title of an Officer.

Squ. No, no, Mr. *Reynard*, 'tis only for your swarthy ill look'd Rogues to go to the War; we spruce Officers stay at home to guard the Ladies, fight Mock-Sieges upon *Bunhill*, and storm the outworks of a Venison-Pasty: Besides, Sir, I have an Estate, therefore need not put the fair Sex into Doubts and Fears, by hazard-ing my Person.

Lov. But if you don't serve one Campaign, How will it appear to the World you are a Man of Courage?

Squ. That Mr. *Loverworth* is evident enough at home,
for

for there is seldom a Day, but I have occasion to draw my Sword either in the Pit, the Side-Box, or some publick Coffee-House.

Low. If you are so desperate, Captain, People will be afraid of keeping you Company.

Squ. You are mistaken, Sir; I'm one of the well-bred Officers that challenge no man, and if any Man challenges me, [*Aside.*] I send my Lieutenant to meet him—But to shew you I have Generosity as well as courage, I quarrell'd Yesterday with a Gentleman for treading on my Toe, which you know is an unpardonable Affront in this honourable Age; but at the Intercession of some particular Friends, Pardon begg'd, and a Supper given, I was prevailed upon to put it up—Ha! my Yeoman o' Kent, honest Hop-Sack and Cherry-Tree, how do's thy handsome Daughter, what think you of me for a Son-in-Law?

Woodc. Thee—Dost think I'll marry her to a Pot-Gun, a Pop Militia Captain; who, instead of having Courage to stand an Enemy, flies at a Show'r of Rain: She should sooner have a common Trooper, that's a Man of Mettle, and follow the Camp.

Squ. Very blunt, and ill-bred; like a true Country Put that was conceiv'd under a Hedge, litter'd in a Barn, and brought up in a Hog-Stye—Look you, old Gentleman, if your Daughter falls in Love with me, as 'tis ten to one but ev'ry Woman does; tell her, she may fight herself into the Green-Sickness, eat Oatmeal, Chalk, Coals, Candles, and die o' the Pip.

Enter Maiden.

Mai. Are you for the Walks, Gentlemen?

Rey. Ay, But Mr. Maiden, you are very late to Day, the Ladies will be all there before you.

Mai. Why really, Sir, I us'd to be dress'd sooner; but I have been mightily out of Order this Morning with the Vapours and the Collick, and was forced to stay to eat a little Chicken Broth—Pray, Gentlemen, What new Company have we here? They say, there's a World of Quality come down this Week.

Woodc. Quality! What then! They'll neither furnish

nish the *Wells* with more Wit, nor more Money.

Mai. But the Ladies, Sir, always respect People of Rank——They say, Mr. *Woodcock*, you have a fine Daughter to dispose of here; I design to make her some Overtures.

Woodc. You——Thou effeminate Coxcomb, dost think she'll like one of her own Sex [Aside.] D'slife, all the Fops in this Place have got a Notion of my Daughter; I shall have 'em beat her as a Parcel of Hounds do a young Leveret, I'll go find her out, make her pack up her Awls, and we'll be gone to Morrow Morning. [Exit.]

Lov. Prithce, *Frank*, let's to the Coffee-House, and leave these Fools together.

Rey. I'll step but to my Chamber, and follow you instantly. [Exeunt differently.]

Squ. Well, Friend, and what Accomplishments d'you pretend to, with the Ladies?

Mai. Why, I can sing and dance, and Play upon the Guittar; make Wax-work, and Fillagree, and paint upon Glass; besides, I can dress a Lady up a head upon occasion, for I was put 'Prentice to a *Milliner* once, only a Gentleman took a Fancy to me, and left me an Estate; but that's no Novelty; for abundance of People now-a-days take a Fancy to a handsome young Fellow.

Squ. And wou'd you Sooth the Women with these Fooleries? They hate a nice Fop, that's so much an Image of themselves; and love a robust masculine Fellow, that will kiss 'em, tumble 'em, and towze 'em about.

Mai. [Aside.] Poor silly Creature; Lard, Does he think fine Ladies will suffer themselves to be us'd like Oyster Women——Sir, I hope I hav'nt study'd the Ladies so long not to know how to Address 'em; neither have I taken so much pains to polish myself to be rejected for you: Therefore you may give yourself what rough Airs you please, and yet not succeed half so well as those that have a little more Modesty.

Squ. Modesty——Here's a Fellow now——Prithce, what does Modesty signifie? Did it ever get a
 Lover

Lover a Maidenhead, a Lawyer a Cause, or a Courtier a Place — But to pretend to Modesty in this Age; why the Women have laid it aside now, and are resolved, *A-la-Mode en-France*, to appear bare Neck'd, gallop without Stays, drink their Bottle, keep Fellows, and be out of Countenance at nothing; — Thank Heaven Modesty's an Infamy my Family can never be branded with; for all my Relations from the beginning have been either Pimps, Poets, Attornies, Projectors, Stock-Jobbers; or Custom-House Officers — But you may e'en quit your Modesty, your Airs, and your Graces; for I resolve to ingross all the Ladies to my self, and if you dare meddle with one —

Mai. D'you think I won't talk to 'em, and give 'em Sweet-meats.

Squ. That I grant you; but if you offer Love to any thing that's under Fifty, above the degree of a Chamber-Maid, and has a Nose in her Face, I'll cut your Throat — — [*Afide.*] I may hector this Fellow without danger.

Mai. As to that matter, Captain, we shall never quarrel; for if I can Raffle with the Ladies, Dance with them, and Walk with 'em in Publick, I never desire any private Love-Favours from 'em.

Squ. Nay, then gi' me thy Hand, thus we agree the Point, and will assist each other. I'll recommend you for a Partner in Dancing; you shall recommend me for a Lover to wait on 'em home.

Mai. With all my Heart.

Squ. Come along, frigid.

[*Exit.*

Mai. Lard, what rude Monster is this? Sure something that come out of the *Bear-Garden*; but, I'm glad we are Friends; for if he had drawn his Sword, I shou'd ha' swounded away.

[*Exit.*

Enter Hillaria, and Lucy.

Hill. Lucy, see if the Ladies are ready for the Walks, and order a Coach to the Door — Well, this *Tunbridge* is the Joy of my Life; such Treating, Dancing, Serenading, Raffling and Scandal, I cou'd die here — But let me see, what new Acquaintance have I made here —
There's

There Mrs. *Goodfellow* that makes so many great Suppers, I cou'd like her, but she drinks so prodigiously hard, I can never hold out with her—Lady *Bubble* that's perpetually at Cards, and always Loses, lends one Money, and never has the Assurance to ask for't again, I'll be intimate there—Mrs. *Smallware*, the Tradesman's Wife in the City; there I can have things upon Credit; and then *Belinda*, the Lady that Lives in *Kent*, I'll be very great with her, she'll invite me down for a whole Summer—I find every now and then I'm forc'd to pack together some new Intimates; for by that Time I have lived a Year upon one Set, I run 'em out so much Money in treating my Visitors, keep such late Hours, and breed so many Differences in their Families, they are quite tir'd of me.

Enter Reynard.

Rey. So, Sister; you are in your Airs, I see, ready for the Company, mighty gay and splendid; prithee, how dost maintain thyself so well without a Fortune?

Hill. Tho' I want a Fortune, Brother, yet while there are Fools that have Money, and I have Wit and Assurance to manage 'em, I'll wear the best Clothes, visit the greatest Quality, enjoy ev'ry Diversion, and Despise all that pretend to be better than my self.

Rey. But how d'you insinuate yourself to the World?

Hill. As most Women that live by their Wits do; I praise ev'ry Body to their Face, and mimick every Body behind their Back; so that all court my Favour, because they are afraid of being Abus'd—By keeping a World of Company, appearing in all publick Places, and giving my self a liberty of Railing, I have acquired the Character of a Judge—No Body dares buy a Suit of Cloaths without my Advice, for whatever I condemn is thought ungenteel; and half the Tradesmen in Town make me Presents to promote 'em Customers—I make Interest for the Players o' the Benefit Nights, so I have the liberty of the Box—Now and then introduce a poor Poet with a Dedication to go snacks in the Reward—I live one Month with this Lady, a month with that, cheat at Cards for Pocket-Money;

Money ; so make shift to rub through the World — But, how d'you manage your self, Brother? 'Tis more difficult for a Man to sponge a Maintenance than a Woman ; to be treated, presented and address'd you know is the Prerogative of our Sex.

Rey. Like a true Town-Spark ; one day at Court, and the next in Jail : I have generally some Money at command, but seldom any more at a time than what I have in my Pocket.

Hill. Why truly, Brother, I believe most of you Wits do carry your whole Stock about you.

Rey. I always keep Company with those of the highest Rank, whom I find most easie to be bubbled : Now and then Perhaps I get to the Groom-Porters, and lend a Nobleman twenty Guineas upon a push, to pay me five advance the next Morning ; and Courtiers punctually discharge what they lose at Gaming, tho' they run in ev'ry Bodies debt for Necessaries—But this Course of Life, Sister, is but for a spurt ; we must now think of settling our Condition ; our Family you know bears no common Fame, and our Education was the best ; but our Parents, by supporting the ancient *English* Hospitality, liv'd beyond their Estate, and left us to traverse the World ; therefore, whatever Offers you have, accept nothing below your self.

Hill. No, Brother, I have a Soul too great to harbour any thing that's mean ; and if my Circumstances wou'd not countenance my Character, before I'd condescend, like a decay'd Gentlewoman, to dress Heads, make Mantoes, teaze People with my Birth and Education, and my willingness to get a Livelihood in an honest way, I'd scorn the World, and with an undaunted Spirit repeating some heroick Strain, plunge a Dagger, and fancy my self an Actress in a Tragedy.

Rey. My own Sister to a hair—But let this Maxim join your noble Spirit—Still preserve your Virtue ; for if you part with that, you stain our Blood, and render yourself below every Circumstance.

Hill. You know, Brother, we are all Frail, and sometimes there's no resisting the Charms of a well-dressed Side-Box Beau ; but if I shou'd make a slip, this
I'll

I'll promise you to keep a good Reputation, and that's the most fashionable Virtue.

Rey. But of all your Lovers whom are you most inclin'd to Marry? — There's my Friend *Loveworth*, a Man of Sense, and a tolerable Estate.

Hill. Good.

Rey. Then, Captain *Squib*, with a large Estate, but a Fool.

Hill. Better.

Rey. And then the fine Mr. *Maiden*, who has a very great Estate, and is a prodigious Fool.

Hill. Best of all.

Rey. But cou'd you love a Fool, Sister?

Hill. Love is a stupid Passion, that betrays the weakness of our Minds; who that has Reason wou'd Sacrifice the Pride of Life to a momentary Joy, which ev'n in the Name of Marriage extinguishes? But a Man that wou'd maintain me in all the Pomp of Quality, to outshine the Court, and be the Envy of the vying World, I swear, were he old, diseas'd, perverse, were he any thing, I cou'd love him, carefs him, and dote on him to Death.

Rey. My own Sister again — For my part I'm fix'd on *Belinda*, the Yeoman of *Kent's* Daughter, and have luckily found out what sort of a Man he's resolv'd to marry her to: I'll first solicit the Lady, then contrive how to win or deceive the Father: The Custom of this Place allows our Familiarity without being suspected for Relations, so that we may subtly commend each other——To day we strike our Fortunes, for in so great a crowd of Fools, 'tis hard if we don't find some opportunity to profit by our Wits.

*Thus runs the World, one half the other rules,
The Wise are Workmen, and the Weak are Tools,* }
Hill. But yet the greatest Wits are Womens Fools.

The End of the First ACT.

A C T.

A C T II.

S C E N E, *The Walks.**Enter Hillaria and Belinda.*

Hill. I Wonder, *Belinda*, how a reasonable Soul, and a Genius for the World, like you, can brook a Country Life?

Bel. Custom, *Hillaria*, makes ev'ry thing familiar; and tho' I hate the Country, I endeavour so much Philosophy to be easie in it: Indeed, my Father's Intentions of settling me there wou'd try the utmost of my Temper.

Hill. But I suppose you have too much of a modern Spirit to let his Will sway your Inclinations: Shou'd any old Father pretend to associate me where I don't like, I shou'd plainly desire him to leave doting, or march into the other World, but sure my Parents were the civilest People, for after they had liv'd sparingly to encrease my Fortune, found they grew old, and I began to grumble, they made their Will, left all to me, except fifty Guineas to the Noncon-Preacher, and a few charitable Legacies I ne'er paid, and went off so sweetly, without so much as a fit of Sickness to put one to Charges, and keep one in Doubts and Fears.

Bel. But what wou'd you advise me to do, *Hillaria*? For my Father resolves to move home to morrow, where I shall be coup'd up like a turtle Dove that's melancholy without a Mate, and have not the least prospect of any other Match than what's first proposed to him.

Hill. Why, faith, e'en take the advantage of this publick Place, select one that looks most like a Man of Honour, strike up the Bargain while you stand still in a Country-Dance, and be tack'd to him out o' Hand—What think you of Mr. *Reynard*? If I who have seen so many Men, and observ'd such Variety of Shapes, from Beau *May-pole*, to Beau *Dapper*, may judge of the Sex, I say *Reynard*'s a pretty Fellow.

Bell.

Bel. Since you draw me into a Confession, *Hillaria*, I must own the same Opinion; Mr. *Reynard* was my Partner at the *Bath* last Year, and mentioned a Love there, which he has not since had an opportunity to renew—But then, my Father; to be hated, turned out of Doors, and Disinherited.

Hill. Never fear it—Indeed, when a Woman disgraces her Family by a mean Passion, and runs away with a Fidler, a Barber, or a Taylor, 'tis fit she shou'd be discarded, and join in her Husband's Drudgery all Day for a little Love at Night: But if you marry a Gentleman, and can look the World i' the Face, perhaps the old Man's testy for a Month, but then you put on a little hypocritical Sorrow, down o' your Knees, tell him you are sorry you shou'd carnalize without his Consent, but 'tis what can't be undone now—Nature pleads, the old Fool blesses you; then come Treats, Balls, fine Clothes, all mighty well, and not a word o' the Balcony.

Bel. Dear *Hillaria*! let me entreat your Friendship; but you engage ev'ry Body, all court you, and are uneasie without you; prithee what is it so bewitches 'em.

Hill. Upon these Love-Occasions, I am mightily follow'd: For after I have persuaded a young Lady to run away with a handsome Fellow, I intercede with the old Folks, and reconcile 'em, so that I oblige both Sides; [*Aside.*] And often get a good Present by the bargain—Then People are fond of a pretty fleering Air I have got; for you must know, this Age is mightily addicted to Self-love; and the higher esteem People have of their own Perfections, the more they despise others: Therefore I please this Lady, by railing at that; and my self, by making a Jest of the whole World alternately—When I'm at Court, I ridicule the City-Wives, those over-dress'd Creatures, that stand gaping six Hours at a Shop-door; and the Aldermen's Ladies, who by their Bulk, and manly Voice are taken for Hermaphrodites—When I'm in the City, I laugh at the Court Ladies, their Gaming-Clubs, and Intrigues with Players, wearing *D'Oyley* Stuff-Suits for want of Money or Credit to buy better, and borrowing
Jewels

Jewels o' Birth-Nights; and when I'm among People of true Merit, I make a Jest of both — To particular Families, I recommend my self by being thoroughly good humour'd, and always conformable to what's propos'd — One Lady loves hot Tea, another cold Tea; I drink both — My Lady *Jiggit's* for a Fiddle, and a Country Dance, so am I — Mrs. *Townly* loves a Hackney-Coach, sending for Fellows out o' Chocolate Houses, coquetting half an hour in a Mask, and make the Fools treat us without so much as the favour of seeing our Faces; then from *India-House* to *India-House* leaving Letters, tumbling Goods, buying one *China-Cup*, and stealing half a dozen; and at my Lady *Rampant's* in *Essex*, they are for clambering over Hedges, riding in Hay Carts, Hot-Cockles, and Blind Man's Buff — I can romp as well as the best of them — Then I am mighty happy in keeping a Secret; so that if a Merchant's Wife has a mind to make merry when her Husband's out of Town, to be sure I'm sent for — But here comes the He-things.

Enter Reynard and Loveworth.

Rey. Your Servant, Ladies; how goes Scandal at the *Wells* to day? What fine Lady had an Intrigue last Night, which the rest out of Envy have reported?

Hill. Rather, Sir; what Intrigues have your Vanities boasted of, which neither your Persons, nor Accomplishments, had force to gain you?

Lov. Real Intrigues, Madam, we never discover; and only talk of Favours in opposition to those Ladies, who pretend to a crowd of Lovers, and yet value themselves in having Power to resist 'em all

Bel. A Woman, Sir, need not assume much Power to resist any thing she sees in your Sex; but we can't blame the good Opinion you have of yourselves, when we consider the weakness of your Judgments.

Rey. But if you Ladies did not desire a Conquest, why d'you take such pains to Adorn your selves? What are your high full Rumps but to make you follow'd? — Your Fans in Winter but to give Airs, and the various Disposition of your Curls, but Baits for so many Men

Men?—Then there's more Policy and Consultation us'd in placing your Patches to advantage, than at a Council of War in the disposing a whole Army.

Hill. Pray, Mr. *Reynard*, let not your Sex pretend to satyrize the Women, till you are less foppish and affected your selves—What are your light Wigs curl'd behind, but to hide your round Shoulders, and set off your walnut Complexions; and your fine Sword-knots, but to tie the Hilt and the Scabbard together—But the surprizing Joy when two Fops meet in the Side-Box, tho' they parted but two Minutes before at a Chocolate-House; the side Bow, the Embrace; and the fulsome trick you Men ha' got of kissing one another; then down you sit, and observe the Women——She's well enough——says one, but they say she has been had——Mind how she ogles us, says t'other, when they are a couple of wretched hatchet fac'd things, that are physical to look at 'em——Then the tofs o' the Head, the airs o' the Snuff-Box, and the leer at an Actress on the Stage; and all the ridiculous Actions of a Monkey, or a Madman; but I think they say most of you Beaus are craz'd; for taking such a prodigious deal o' Snuff, it open'd your Heads so much the Wind got in and quite turn'd your Brains——And when any Expressions on the Stage are smart upon the Side-Boxes, how you force a grin, and wou'd fain laugh 'em off.

Rey. I find, Madam, we may truce the Debate, and unite our Forces; for I see Mr. *Woodcock* coming down the Hill, that's satyrical upon both Sexes.

Bel. My Father, dear *Hillaria*, let's avoid him.

Rey. We'll step into a Raffling-shop, Madam.

[*Exeunt Rey. and Bell.*]

Low. I suppose, Madam, by this time you are pretty well tir'd with Fops and Fiddles; and like a Ship tofs'd by Winds and Waves, may be glad to steer into the Harbour of Matrimony.

Hill. Good Mr. *Loveworth*, don't mention Marriage at *Tunbridge*, 'tis as much laugh'd at as Honesty in the City: This is a Place of general Address, all Pleasure and Liberty; and when we happen to see a marry'd couple

couple dangle together like a Knife and a Fork, they are a Jest to the whole Walks.

Lov. But *Tunbridge*, Madam, ought to distinguish Lovers, my Services bear a longer date, and therefore Merit more particular Notice.

Hill. For which reason you might expect 'em slighted : Is there any thing more scandalous than an old Lover to our Sex, who are so fond of Novelties ? But if after all your Solicitations, I were inclin'd to Article the Matter, you'd find me somewhat odd in my Proposals. For in the first place. Whenever I marry, I design to have it a mighty Secret, People seldom care to let the World know they have play'd the Fool ; neither wou'd my Vanity lose the Serenades, the Treats, and Addresses a single State affords me ——— Then I'm for a Man in some Business, that I may have his Company at Night, and yet not be troubled with his Impertinence all Day ; for sure nothing is so insipid as a fop Husband, that stays at home with his Wife, takes the Air with his Wife, and shows his fondness in ev'ry thing but what he shou'd ——— Then I resolve to have an absolute sway ; for, I find by Experience, no State, either publick or private, prospers so well as under the Government of a Woman ; therefore I forbid all toasting Clubs, where you drink Prosperity to your Mistresses, and Confusion to your Wives, quarrel about the Constancy of some common Trull, and break one anothers Heads to prove the emptiness of your Argument ——— No Conversation with Wits, where you must treat half the Company, nor associating with Men of Quality, where you are sure neither to improve your Understanding nor gain a Friend — Then I'll always be consulted in State Affairs, for 'tis a mighty Credit to our Sex to have an ascendant over them that byas the whole Nation — And cou'd you, Sir, perform all this for me ?

Lov. All, ten times more ; you shall do what you please, govern how you please, be sole Mistress of me, your self, and my Estate.

Hill. Then let me tell you, I dissembled all this while only to try your Temper, and now find you a downright

downright Afs——What! be subject to your Wife! let a Woman rule you! Why, the meereſt Coward in Nature has Courage enough to domineer over his Wife —— I ſee, Sir, your are not for my Purpoſe, yet I'll give you this Advice, the next Lady you addreſs, neither fawn nor flatter, but uſe a generous Courtſhip, and aſſert the Prerogative of your Sex; for 'tis the worſt Air you can have with us to be found any ways deficient in a true Man-like Character——But here come the *Canterbury* Ladies, Mrs. *Goodfellow*, that's as big as the Cathedral, and enough to ſcorch a Body with her fiery Complexion; and her lean, ſcragged Niece *Penelope*, that fancies her ſelf a mighty fine Creature, and has more fantaſtick Airs than the Pewterer's Wife in *Bedlam*.

Enter Mrs. Goodfellow, and Penelope.

Goodf. Dear *Hillaria*, I am glad we ha' met you, theſe Men are ſo troubleſome and dull, we have wanted your Company mightily to divert us.

Pen. [*Aſide.*] Theſe old Women affect ſo much Wiſdom in deſpiſing Lovers, becauſe they are conſcious what's ſaid to 'em can't be in earneſt —— Methinks, Madam, 'tis very pleaſant to have the Beaus buz about one, talk to one, and give one things; it ſhows one's pretty.

Goodf. You are young, Niece, and love to be flatter'd; when you come to my Years, and have a true ſenſe of Things, your Vanity will wear off, and you'll find more ſubſtantial Joys in a Bottle, and a She-Friend; for my part, I never mind the Men; I have three hundred a Year, and am reſolv'd to live ſingle, and enjoy it: Therefore I wou'd 'nt have Lovers pretend to conquer me, for I come out of *Kent*, and the *Kentiſh* People were never conquer'd.

Hill. Truly, Madam, I agree with you; I hate the Company of Fellows, where Cuſtom forces on a Modesty Nature never meant us; there's nothing like a Club of our own Sex, where we can be frank and free, play our own Pranks, and Talk our own Talk.

Pen.

Pen. [*Aside.*] Wou'd the rest of our Sex were of their Opinion, that I might have all the Men to my self.

Goodf. But pray tell us, *Hillaria*, who have you seen this Morning?

Hill. The usual Crowd——Sir *Tiresome Crumpling*, that old affected Fop, that has been the Jest of the Place these fifty Years; and the rest o' the Fools that take pains to be laugh'd at, cringing after a parcel of strange Trollops in Callicoe Gowns——Well, these late Mournings have been very happy for Women of no Fortunes, that have made a good Figure in an old Sheet printed black and white——Then comes a knot of *Jew* Ladies, that have lately bubbled their Parents out of a Sum of Money by turning *Christians*, according to Act of Parliament; and have just as much Religion as some of our Christian Ladies, that spend half their Church-time in quarreling for Hassocks, and the upper-end of a Pew——But then to see a swarm of Mercers and Drapers Wives, move down the Walks like a fail of Ships, that are known to be the worst of the Company by being the finest dress'd, with Diamond Ear Rings, Diamond Necklaces, and a great Gold Watch as big as a Warming Pan; and yet these City things are so confounded proud, they never think themselves considerable enough till they are Ladies too; a mighty piece of Honour indeed, to have ones Husband a Knight, and no Gentleman; tho' really some of our modern Gentry are as ridiculous on the other side, by valuing themselves upon their Births, when they have no Estates to support 'em; keep a Coach when they can't afford a Livery, and starve themselves to feed their Horses——What if we sit down here——*Mr. Loveworth*, give us some Coffee.

Low. With all my Heart, Madam.

Hill. Oh! here's *Mr. Maiden*, and the Musick; now we shall have a Performance.

[*They sit, Coffee brought in,*

Enter

Enter Mr. Maiden, with Musick.

Maid. Ladies, I have brought a fine Singer, that came down last Night, to entertain you with a new Composition; one that's mightily admir'd at the *Small-coal Musick Meeting*.

S O N G.

[*While the Song's performing Maiden uses a Fan, a Pocket-Looking-glass, &c.*]

I*F* moving softness can subdue,
See, Nymphs, a Swain more soft than you:
We Patch, and we Paint,
We're Sick, and we Faint,
To the Vapours, and Spleen we pretend;
We play with a Fan,
We Squeak, and we Scream,
We're Women, meer Women i' th' end.

Your Airs we desire
Your Beauty deny,
Be as Gay, and as Fine as you can;
Ye Nymphs, have a care,
Be more Nice, and more Fair,
Or your Lovers in time we may gain.

Goodf. Mr. Maiden is the most useful Person in such a publick Place, and distinguishes himself so obligingly by promoting ev'ry Diversion.

Maid. Oh, Madam, I am Master of the Cereemonies here, appoint all the Dancing, summon the Ladies, and manage the Musick; though really, these Fidlers are such a Parcel of idle, scoundrel Fellows, one has more trouble in keeping 'em together, than Mr. Rich has in governing the *Drury-Lane* Players.

Hill. But pray, Mr. Maiden, how d' you employ your self for want of an Office in London?

B

Maid.

Maid. Why, Madam, I never keep Company with lewd Rakes that go to the nasty Taverns, talk smuttily, and get fuddl'd; but visit the Ladies, and drink Tea and Chocolate; they think me the best Creature, for they consult me mightily about their Dress; I tell 'em when the Sleeve's rowl'd too high, and the Gown pinn'd too flat; fancy their Knots, and help 'em make their Patchwork; and they call me Mrs. Betty—— Then, I have Chambers at the Temple, and keep a Levee, and a Visiting-Day; for since the Lawyers are all turn'd Poets, and have taken the Garrets in *Drury-Lane*, none but Beaus live at the Temple now, who have sold all their Books, burnt all their Writings, and furnish'd the Rooms with Looking-glasses and China.

Low. But if you neither read, study, nor converse with Men, how d' you employ your superfluous Hours?

Maid. Why, Sir, I can Pickle and Preserve, raise Paste, and make all my own Linnen: Then I love mightily to go abroad in Women's Clothes: I was dress'd up last Winter in my Lady *Fussock's* Cherry-colour Damask, sat a whole Play in the Front-Seat of the Box, and was taken for a Dutch Woman of Quality.

Enter Woodcock.

Woodc. Sure my Country is the Seat of Plagues—— At *Canterbury* we are more pester'd with French Folks, and *Presbyterians*, than the *Egyptians* were with the Frogs and Lice——At *Maidstone*, twice a Year, we have the Devourers o' the Law, that breed a Famine where-ever they come; and if two or three Dozen of my best Poultry are not presented to my Lord Judge, I am put into Commission, and plagu'd with all the scolding Controversies in the Parish; and *Tunbridge* here is the Rendezvous of Coxcombs, I have walk'd this Hour and hav'nt met one sociable Creature——So here's a blessed Cabal; when the Fops, and the Women get together, there's generally more Noise, Nonsense, and Impertinence, than amongst a Knot of Lawyers Clerks, and

and drunken Whores in the middle Box of the Eighteen Penny Gallery.

Hill. But I wonder, Mr. *Maiden*, how you nice Beaus, that frequent all Assemblies, avoid mixing with the ruder sort?

Maid. Oh, Madam, we that are acquainted with the Town, distinguish People by their Airs; there's as much difference between Men of Breeding, and Rakes, as between a Lady's fine Shock, and an ugly *Dutch* Mastiff — One knows a Gentleman by a great deal of good Manners, and a chaste, modest Look that may be trusted in a Lady's Bed-Chamber; and a Rake by a dirty double Button-Coat, a cursed long Sword, and a damn'd *Irish* Face, with more Impudence than the Box-Keepers that are always teasing Quality for Money.

Wood. [*Approaching.*] And pray, Friend, by what Token d'you know a Fool, when you see him?

Low. There Mr. *Maiden* can never be at a Loss, who is so well acquainted with a Lookingglass.

Woodc. But where have you dispos'd my Daughter, good People.

Hill. To her own Satisfaction, I guess, amidst a Crowd of Beaus, Raffling, Toying, and receiving Presents.

Woodc. Very good; and pray what Favours, d'you Ladies allow these Beaus in return of their fine Presents?

Hill. Why, the Liberty of Talking, Dancing, or a Game at Cards; and if we happen to meet Men of true Wit, perhaps we may be charm'd into Marriage.

Woodc. But shou'd my Daughter suffer her self to be corrupted by any of your *London* Wits, she shou'd e'en live by the Air of *Covent-Garden*; before I'd have a Wit inherit my Estate, I'd Stockjobb it away at *Jonathan's*, lay it out in cloathing a Regiment where I shou'd never see a Groat on't agen, or sell it for a Place at Court, to be turn'd out upon the next Revolution.

Hill. What, I warrant you'd match her to a Country Justice, that like some of our modern Commissioners, has no more Sense than to commit Old Women for

Witchcraft, or some blockheadly Mayor of a Corporation, with a Country Mace carry'd before him like a Chocolate Mill — Well, you old Men, have the most unaccountable Reasons for disposing your Daughters; one marries her to a Fool, because he's a-kin to Quality; another to a Knave, because he's a Man in vogue, and expects Preferment; a third superstitious old Rogue, gives her to a Sot, because he's a sober Person, takes Short-hand, and belongs to the same Congregation. I wonder what Religion there is in Love; and your Worship for fear the Sow should bauk her Litter, wou'd marry your Daughter to a Swine, — Oh the Joys of a Country Life, to mind one's Poultry, and one's Dairy, and the pretty Business of milking a Cow, then the soft Diversions of riding on Horseback, or going to a Bull-baiting, and the charming Conversation of High Crown Hats, who can talk of nothing but their Hogs, and their Husbands; for shame, Mr. *Woodcock*, since you have an Estate, you shou'd have polish'd your Family, and given your Daughter a Town Education.

Woodc. And have you, Madam, no more reverence for the Memory of your Ancestors, than to prophane a High-Crown Hat, that Token of Modesty and Humility; for since your fantastical Geers came in with Wires, Ribbons, and Laces, and your Furbulo's, with 300 Yards in a Gown and Petticoat, there has not been a good Housewife in the Nation — Then you'd give my Daughter a Town Education; I'll tell you what the Education of a Town Lady is — First she's sent to a Dancing School, where she's led about the Room by a smooth fac'd Fellow, squeez'd by the Hand, and debauch'd before she comes into her Teens: I'll be sworn, Dancing Masters, Singing Masters, and such Followers o' the Women, make greater Havock among Maiden-heads in *London*, than the *Germans* did among the fine Fiddles at the Battle of *Cremona* — As you grow up you learn to be very Coquette, and are taught the Languages that you may intrigue with the whole World, and instead of rising early to inspect your Families, you stew a Bed till Noon, dress all the
Afternoon,

Afternoon, go to Dinner at Night, and play at Cards till the next Morning: When you have gam'd away all your Money, you take your Cloaths upon Tick, and when you have run up a hundred Pounds in several Tradesmens Books, you pretend you have Husbands at the *East-Indies*, and no Body can arrest you.

Hill. Why, Mr. *Woodcock*, you are perfect scurrilous, I find, the steely Soil of *Kent* has an Effect upon your Natures, as well as the Waters; but I don't wonder you shou'd abuse the poor Women, when with that petitioning Face you think you have Wit enough to correct Parliaments.

Maid. Indeed, Madam you say right, Spleen, and Ill-Nature are as common in *Kent*, as Apple-dumplings: I wonder, Sir, you Satyrs like the rest of your Brother Monsters, hav'n't a Pair of Horns.

Woodc. And I wonder you Beaus, like the rest of your Brother Asses hav'n't a Tail.

Enter Squib and another fighting, People interposing; Maiden and the Women shriek, and run to a Corner of the Stage.

All. Nay, good Captain, you fright the Ladies.

Low. What's the Matter, Captain!

Squ. An impudent Dog that belongs to the last Will and Testament-Office, had the Assurance to boast of Favours from my Sempstres.

Woodc. A mighty Piece of Vanity truly.

Hill. But Mr. *Maiden*, what makes you so terrified?

Mai. Why, really, Madam, I am naturally apprehensive of a naked Sword: They say, my Mother was frightened at a Quarrel, when she was with Child o' me.

Woodc. [*Aside.*] So, now the Walks begin to swarm — What are these Fops good for? They are too lazy to work, and too cowardly to fight — I'd fain have Beaus, Fiddlers, Dancing-Masters, Poets, and Players, knockt o' the Head as they do useless Puppies, that they mightn't over-run the Nation.

Hill. Come, Ladies, the Bell rings to Chapel, Mr. *Loveworth*, I must not force you thither contrary to your Inclinations ; but Mr. *Maiden's* always dispos'd for the Ladies.

Low. You, Madam, may command me any where.
[*Pushing Maiden aside.*]

Maid. Breeding.

[*Leads Mrs. Goodf.*]

Goodf. Sweet Mr. *Maiden*.

[*Exeunt all but Squib and Pen. Reynard and Belinda appear at the upper End of the Walks.*]

Pen. I wonder, Captain, you'll expose your valuable Life upon such frivolous Occasions : You great Commanders shou'd be reserv'd for more worthy Enterprizes.

Squ. Oh ! Madam, I am always a Champion for the Ladies ; yet I endeavour to secure my own Safety : For tho' Valour be necessary in a Soldier, most of our modern Heroes prefer good Conduct, and seldom enter upon an Engagement that surmises Danger : And really, Madam, when I consider the present Scarcity of good Officers, I'm forc'd to curb the Unruliness of my Passion out of a national Regard.

Pen. Sure nothing is so moving as an heroick Spirit, nor any thing so becoming as Scarlet, it looks so graceful, and darts so noble a Lustre on the Face.

Squ. And yet ev'ry pert Prig with a Patch, and a cropt Head o' Hair, pretends to a Red-Coat, forsooth ; Scarlet's grown so common now-a-days, one hardly knows a Colonel from a *Costermonger*.

Pen. Well, whenever I marry, I'm resolv'd to have an Officer ; for next to being a Woman of Quality, in my Mind, nothing sounds so great as the Captain's Lady.

Squ. Divine Lady, your Hand.

Pen. Noble Sir, you have it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Reynard

Reynard and Belinda come forward.

Bel. I own your Merit, Sir, and wou'd not flight
your Love; but you know my Father's Temper, and
I am fix'd never to marry without his Consent: When
you have found a means to court his Favour, you may
then hope for mine.

Rey. Conduct, and Courage, ev'ry way I'll prove,
First try by Pray'rs, and Arguments to move,
Then summon ev'ry Art and Shape of Jove;

Tho' oft repuls'd, Love still the Fight maintains,
And for each Thought we gladly beat our Brains,
When the Reward so nobly pays the Pains.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Woodcock and Reynard.

Woodc. **I**N Love with my Daughter, ha, ha, ha; a very good Jest indeed.

Rey. Why shou'd you doubt my Passion, Mr. *Woodcock*, have I not shown my self a zealous Lover; follow'd her to the *Bath*, thence to *Tunbridge*, watch'd for her, courted her, and respected you.

Woodc. 'Tis true, Mr. *Reynard*, I believe you have a very great Affection for my Daughter, I must applaud your Judgment, and tell you, she deserves your Love. As to her Person, I can't say much; but she's Heiress to near six thousand Acres of Arable and Pasture; besides, a good Mansion-House, with Hop-Grounds, Cherry-Gardens, and other Appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in the Parish of *Maidstone* in the County of *Kent*; and if a Woman with such Charms can want Followers in this Fortune-Hunting-Age, I am deceiv'd.

Rey. I grant you, Sir, an Estate is a comfortable Convenience; but you ought not to prefer a few dirty Acres to a Woman of Beauty.

Woodc. What signifies Beauty without Money? 'tis Money makes the Beauty — Tho' a Woman be surprisingly witty, fair to a Miracle, easie and unaffected; she's thought disagreeable without Money; but tho' she's crooked, squints, ill-natur'd, and a meer Changling, she must be an Angel, when she's an Alderman's Daughter, and has ten thousand Pounds — We plainly see how Beauty's valu'd at *London* by the Women o' the Town, who are forc'd to live by their Faces. In Term Time, indeed, they'll squeeze Half a Crown; after Term they are glad of Seven Groats; in the long Vacation, you may have a Furbulo for a Tester, and your poor Whores that ply the *Rose* Passage, have so bad a Trade, they can scarce afford you an Anniversary clean Smock — Beauty, Mr. *Reynard's* a Jest,

a Jest, I never marry'd for't my self—Indeed, I thought the Woman well enough, but if her Fortune hadn't equall'd my Estate, we had ne'er pig'd together—[*Afide.*] Tho' cou'd I have lik'd her better, a Son might have inherited my Estate; for I think they say, Girls are but the Product of half Inclination.

Rey. Come, come, Mr. *Woodcock*, ne'er dispute the matter, I like your Daughter, and your Daughter likes me; 'tis true, Fortune allotted her the largest Share, but had it been my Chance; we generous Hearts marry for Love, and ne'er value Money.

Woodc. Not value Money—Very like: if it were not for such extravagant Sparks as you, that want a true Sense of Money, we shou'dn't have so much Subscription-Musick, nor so many *French* Buffoons skipping over to run away with it—Mr. *Reynard*, you have unluckily discovered yourself, and I hope now you'll not pretend to my Daughter, I shall hardly give my Estate to one that don't know the worth of it—But I mistake, noble Sir, I shou'd admire your Philosophy, the Contempt of Money shews so great a Soul—'Twou'd be happy for the Nation, if every Country cou'd furnish such worthy Persons for Assessors, Collectors, and Receivers-General!

[*Exeunt.*]

Rey. That a plain, rough-hewn Fellow should have such profound Knowledge—I own her Fortune is the chiefest Bait—Yet I love her too, but how shall I convince him that I love her—What if I feign my self distracted—It shall be so—That may not only move Belief, but Pity—It must be Love when the Mind seems diseas'd.

Enter Loveworth.

Low. *Frank Reynard* contemplative! What mighty Business can there be depending that shou'd make thee thoughtful—Yonder come the two Fools, *Squib* and *Maiden*, you know the Opposition of their Tempers—Let's set 'em together by the Ears, 'twill make Sport.

B 5

Rey.

Rev. Prithee, *Ned*, enjoy the whole Diversion thy self, I have greater Matters to mind. [Exit.]

Low. Go thy ways for a Brainsick Fellow, Pox o' the Women, I say, this damn'd Love spoils all manner of Society.

Enter Squib.

Squ. Mr. *Loveworth*, I beg a Multitude of Pardons, I shou'd rob you of my self so long; but I have been earnestly engag'd in mediating a prodigious Quarrel between two Members of the Kit-Cat Club that challeng'd about a Pun.

Low. I find, Captain, you are the grand Umpire o' the Nation——But, I wonder, how you ambitious Officers can rest satisfy'd with trifling away your Time at *Tunbridge*, when your Assistance is so much wanted in *Italy*.

Squ. Indeed, Mr. *Loveworth*, when I reflect how much my Presence wou'd encourage the whole Army, on the Consideration of a good Preferment, next Campaign I may oblige the Allies; but you must know, Sir, we military Gentlemen have a mighty Tendernefs for one another's Fame, and I shou'd be very cautious of performing any thing to eclipse my very good Friend Prince *Eugene*——But Mr. *Loveworth*, here comes *Maiden*, prithee let's tease him a little——What if we get him to the Tavern, and make him drunk?

Low. With all my Heart.

Enter Maiden.

They say, Mr. *Maiden*, you are in the Lampoon that came out this Morning, for having an Affair with Mrs. *Motign* your Landlady's Chambermaid.

Mai. That's an impudent Report, Mr. *Loveworth*, only to spoil one's Reputation among the Ladies, for 'tis well known I have more Modesty, and never lay with a Woman in my Life.

Squ.

Squ. And will your Virtue gain you any Credit with the Ladies, you silly Toad: If you would settle an Interest there, you must swear you ha' worry'd half the Sex; but thou hastn't Wit enough to subdue any thing above a Sempstress.

Maid. Lard! What signifies Wit? How particular a Wit would look at Court now a Days; Your poor scoundel Wits are forc'd to cringe to us Men of Figure——I'm to have a Dedication next Winter: Well, a Dedication is the prettiest thing——To see one's own Name in the front of a Book——To the Honourable *Francis Maiden, Esq;*——Then to have the World told of one's Airs and Equipage, and the Valour of one's Ancestors——You may talk what you will of your Wit and Sense, but you'd part with all your Qualifications to have my Complexion.

Squ. O Lord, Complexion! who the Devil minds that? And hast thou the Assurance to despise Men of Wit, and value thy self upon thy white Gloves, thy Honey-Water Bottle, and thy painted Face?

Mai. Well, were it not for a little Art, one shou'd look like other People: But what then, 'tis only a Wash from the *Dove* in *Salisbury Court*, which all the Quality use, and tho' I say it, when my Face is set out to the best Advantage, it has given many a Lady a Palpitation at the Heart——But you know, Captain, we have agreed not to quarrel: I hate testy Folks; when I was at School, I cou'd never abide the Boys; they were always rangling and fighting; but I lov'd mightily to play with the Girls, and dress Babies, and all my Acquaintance now never quarrel'd in their Lives.

Low. No, what sort of People are they, good now?

Mai. Oh! the best Creatures in the World; we have such Diversion when we meet together at my Chambers; there's *Beau Simper*, *Beau Rabbit-face*, *Beau Eithersex*, *Colonel Coachpole*, and *Count Drivel*, that sits with his Mouth open, the prettiest Company at a Bowl of Virgin-Punch; we never make it with Rum nor Brandy—like your Sea Captains, but two

Quarts

Quarts of Mead to half a Pint of White-Wine, Lemon-Juice, Burridge, and a little Perfume; then we never read Gazzetts, nor talk of *Venlo* and *Vigo*, like your Coffee-House Fellows, but play with Fans, and mimic the Women, *Skream, bold up our Tails, make Curtesies, and call one another Madam*—But Mr. *Love-worth*, are you for the Dancing at *Southborrough* to Night? I'm going to be all new dress'd.

Low. Ay, But we are too soon yet; let's take a Flask first at the *Rummer*.

Mai. O Lard I never go to the Tavern.

Squ. But faith you shall, Mr. *Love-worth* let's force him along.

Mai. O Lard I shall be ravish'd; Captain you are the rudest Man, as I hope to be fav'd I'll call out: Well, don't tumble a Body then, and I will go, but I never drink any thing but *Rhenish* and Sugar.

Squ. Damn Rotgut *Rhenish*, we'll have Mrs. *Motion's* Health in a Bumper of *Barcelona*.

Mai. Oh! she's a bold Pullet.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Woodcock and Belinda. *A Chair, Woodcock sits.*

Woodc. *Belinda*, come hither.

Bel. [*Aside.*] Now shall I be ask'd a thousand more whimsical cross Questions, than a bashful Witness by an impudent Yelper at the *Old Bailey*.

Woodc. What Notion ha' you of Mankind?

Bel. Notion, Sir, I think of 'em as the rest o' my Sex do.

Woodc. As the rest of her Sex do—I never knew a Woman give a direct Answer in my Life; but if I must explain your Meaning, that's as much as to say, you think of nothing else—But pray, Madam,—If I may be so bold—What mighty Acquaintance and Intimacy—is there between Mr. *Reynard* and you?

Bel. Mr. *Reynard*, Sir, no more than what's general; I have no farther Knowledge of him, than the Freedom of the Place allows.

Woodc.

Woodc. The Freedom o'the Place—Why if you know as much of him as the Freedom of the Place allows, you have known him in every Sense: And *Item*, for what Lewdness is there this damn'd Place don't Countenance?—Look you Daughter, I smell your Affections, and resolve to spoil the Intrigue; therefore be pleas'd to bundle up your Night-Cloths, your Patches, Pomatum, and the rest of your Trumpery; for positively I'll be gone to Morrow—When I think it seasonable for you to marry, I'll take care to provide you a Husband my self.

Bel. But I hope, Sir, you'll not enjoin me any Man contrary to my Inclinations.

Woodc. Your Inclinations—Perhaps your Inclinations are to half the Sex; I know very well you are for a Beau; a flattering Coxcomb that wou'd make you believe your Eyes are a pair of Flamboys, and cringe to you with Bits of Love-Songs in a damn'd Counter Tenor Voice—[Singing.] *Then prithee, prithee give me gentle Boy*—But I shan't leave my Estate to a Perriwig-Block; and since that must descend with you, I shall consult my own Judgment, and not your Inclinations; therefore if your Ladyship don't think fit to marry whom I shall assign, you may e'en fast till your Stomach comes to you; I leave you to think of that, and prepare for your Journey.

[Exit.

Bel. What Noise and Discord sordid Interest breeds! Oh! That I had shar'd a levell'd State of Life,
With quiet humble Maids, exempt from Pride,
And thoughts of worldly Dross that marr their Joys,
In any Sphere, but a distinguish'd Heirefs,
To raise me Envy, and oppose my Love.
Fortune, Fortune, why did you give me Wealth to
make me wretched?

[Weeps.

Enter Hillaria.

Hill. *Belinda* in Tears—Now has that old Rogue been plaguing her—Poor Soul! She weeps more heartily

tily than ever I did, when I was whipt for Romping : I find People have two great-Satisfactions in Children : First to get 'em, and then to cross 'em : But were he my Father, I'd sooner break his Heart than he shou'd force a Tear from my Eyes——Come, Child, let's retire, and take a chirping Dram, Sorrow's dry ; I'll divert you with the new Lampoon, 'tis a little smutty ; but what then, we Women love to read those Things in private.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lucy.

Luc. How many Resolutions have I made to be virtuous ? and cou'd never keep 'em above two Hours : Therefore I design never to make any more——This *Tunbridge* is the Devil ; for here are so many handsome Fellows proffering Love, that let a Body protest never so much against it, there always comes some rub i'the way.

Rey. [*Without singing.*]

Luc. Bless me, here's Mr. Reynard, that's just run distracted, they say, for Mrs. Belinda, the Yeoman of Kent's Daughter ; I'll swear a good clean limb'd sort of a Man——What pity 'tis he want's his Under-standing.

Enter Reynard Singing

Rey. Then mad, very Mad let us be, &c.

Luc. Poor Gentleman ! How active he seems to be : Well, of all things I love a brisk Man——Pray, Sir, how long have you been mad ?

Rey. Ever since I first saw a Woman : Woman fir'd my Breast, rackt my Soul, and confounded all my Senses.

Luc. Good lack, Was there ever any thing so strange, I hope he's mad for me too——Sure, Sir, that was some cruel Creature, that didn't return you Love

Love for Love ; I fancy a kind Nymph wou'd recover your Wits agen.

Rey. The whole Sex are kind, I meet no Opposition ; for now honourable Love is out of date, and Maidenheads are Drugs that lie upon their Hands ; you may have 'em like Eggs, ten a Groat.

Luc. Indeed, I'm glad then I sold mine before they came so cheap.

Rey. But if they resist me ; then I grow outrageous, storm, stare, rave, and force all I meet.

Luc. My Stars ! The Man talks strangely terrible, if a Body was afraid on't ; I believe, Sir, you, like other Knight Errants o'the Age, boast a great deal more than you perform.

Rey. No, I am all Action, my Life, my Soul ; thou Varnisher of thy Mistresses Imperfections, Cabinet of her Intreagues, Heirefs of old Cloaths, and Mender of fusty foul Linnen.

*[Tumbles her, throws her down, and goes out Singing:
Then mad, very mad let us be, &c.]*

Luc. Was there ever such a Whelp, to throw a Body down——and then run away ; but I'll go tell my Lady ; for if he shou'd meet her in this wild Fit, she'd be quite scar'd.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Hillaria.

Hill. I have put all the Mischief imaginable into *Belinda's* Head, and have left her to muse on't——Now for my own Matters——This Musick, Rambling, Tea, and Scandal, are very pleasant, but all don't secure the Main Chance, and that must be done before I leave *Tunbridge* : For faith, I'm so damnably in Debt, I daren't shew my Head in Town, till I have got some body to clear Scores——Here comes *Woodcock*, if I cou'd trap the old Fellow now for a Husband, what Variety of young Lovers wou'd his Estate purchase——Sure no Body in this World had ever greater Occasion for a Fool than I have at present.

Woodc.

Enter Woodcock.

Woodc. Who wou'd be troubl'd with Daughters? those Puff-past Things, that like Race-Horses, cost one more in keeping than they are worth; for my Daughter, she's made up of nothing but Pride and Disobedience; and if her Vanity's but the least oppos'd, then she's sick, and nothing but *Tunbridge* will cure her—That People shou'd come hither for Air, a damn'd Hole amidst a parcel of confounded Hills more stifling than a Bagnio, and stinks worse than the Upper-Gallery in hot Weather—I am plagu'd to that degree, that cou'd I meet a Woman in any measure, abating the Impertinence of her, I wou'd yet hope a Son, only to disappoint my Daughter's Expectations.

Hill. [*Aside.*] Then e'en take me, and try what you can do. I'll employ the Hint; this may be the lucky Minute for what I know—I begin, Mr. *Woodcock*, to be tir'd of this noisy Town Life, and wou'd fain settle in the Country: D'you know never an old Shepherd that's in mighty distress for a Wife.

Woodc. He must be in a damnable Distress indeed, that wou'd marry a *London* Lady.

Hill. Oh! Mr. *Woodcock*! A Woman bred in *London* makes the best Country Wife; for being surfeited with Hurry and Confusion, Solitude is a perfect Elizium; 'tis like reposing one's self after a fatiguing Journey; and of all parts I shou'd chuse *Kent*: They say, you *Kentish* Men are the best natur'd People, and make the kindest Husbands in the World, I know several Ladies extremely fond of *Kent*.

Woodc. Very like; most of you Town Ladies are naturally fond of strong *Kentish* Men—But pray, Madam, what has made you such a Friend to the Country, who but now took so much Pains to ridicule it; tho' few regard what your Sex say, since 'tis agreed, Woman ne'er spoke her Meaning yet; for your Minds are so very mutable, that whatever you think at present, you're of a quite different Opinion before you can utter it.

Hill.

Hill. But the thoughts of Marriage, Sir, are more solid, and tho' a flashy Fop may divert one for a quarter of an Hour: Were I to chuse a Companion for Life, nothing's so agreeable as your Humour.

Woodc. My Humour——Why you haven't a Design upon me, Madam? 'Sdeath she has almost given me a *Kentish* Ague—Marry thee, no Faith, I'd sooner breed out o' my Wall-ey'd Mare, for whatever she may be for Beauty, I shou'd have one at least that wou'dn't talk me to Death.

Hill. Thou art a rude Beast, and 'tis pity any thing that's humane shou'd couple with thee.

Enter Lucy.

Luc. Oh! Madam, the saddest Accident, poor Mr. *Reynard's* quite raving mad; he met me just now in this place, and threw me down after that robust manner, I thought he wou'd have ravish'd me.

Woodc. Mad, ha, ha, ha, very diverting truly, a rattleheaded *London* Rake, to give out he's mad: Why who the Devil e'er thought him otherwise, ev'ry Body's mad there—Lawyers are mad in finding out new Querks to make their Clients more mad—Poets after new Whimsies——Physicians after new Poysons——Musicians whose Brains are scatter'd into Semi-quavers, and Women have been mad from the Creation.

Enter Reynard.

Rey. I have been talking to the Weather-Cock on yonder Church-Steeple, and 'tis the prettiest tatling Company, I fancied my self at the drawing-Room amongst all the Ladies——[*To Woodcock.*]——Ha! Who art thou with that blustering Face like the North-Wind at the Corner of an old Map; Ha, ha, ha——Nay, ben't angry good *Boreas*; thou look'st like a wise Politician, we'll talk of State Affairs; pri-thee call for Pipes, and let's smoke the Nation; bring me some Gunpowder!

Woodc. Gunpowder!

Rey.

Rey. Ay, Gunpowder ; thou art one of those heavy thinking Animals that funk Tobacco ; I'm a Courtier, and Courtiers smoke Gunpowder, for they are all Flash——I'll tell you News——There's a Civil War broke out among the Cards, the four Knaves are to be no longer Court-Cards——Pam is a fly, cringing Parasite, flatters ev'ry Body, buys of ev'ry Body, and pays no Body——The Knave of Diamonds borrows other People's Wit, and begs other People's Estates——The Knave of Spades is a Court-Rake, scoures the Streets, breaks Windows, and beats the Watch——And the Knave of Hearts, is a fine dressing Courtier that debauches the Citizens Wives ; besides the whole Pack are up in Arms ; the four Queens are to be banish'd and the four Kings depos'd.

Woodc. Why so ?

Rey. Because each petty Card is like a grumbling Common-Wealth's Man that hates Monarchy, and will allow no body to be above himself——But I have made Peace.

Woodc. How ?

Rey. Why henceforward there's to be no hereditary Honour, Money's to be made Protector ; and ev'ry paultry Cit that has but ten thousand pounds to purchase a Title, is to be made a Peer.

Hill. Why, that fancy now wou'd be very pleasant, to have some of our Citizens Ennobl'd ; I warrant we shou'd have my Lord *Leadenhall*, Count *Cheapside*, and the Earl of *Stocks-Market*.

Rey. But hang Politicks, Pleasure's my Business ; Let dull, studious Mortals poise the tottering Globe, I am light as Air ; and make a Tennis-Ball of the World, taste ev'ry Diversion without Care, that's always new, because it leaves no Impression ; and feed on the Sweets of a ravishing Mistress, without the puny Sense of Love——But where's *Belinda* ? Where's my lovely Charmer ? We'll steal together to some secret Wood, and there we'll rest ourselves from all Mankind ; carelessly on some rising Banks we'll lie, shaded

by

by Myrtles, fann'd with gentle Gales, and lull'd by
purling Rivers into Sleep.

[*Stands fix'd.*

Hill. Now are not you an old Brute to occasion a
poor Gentleman's Distraction, and have no more Cha-
rity?

Woodc. Charity——Why, Madam, shou'd half the
Town run mad for my Daughter, must I ruin my Fa-
mily to recover their Wits? Wou'd your Ladiship's
Charity marry a Man under the Gallows to save him
from being hang'd——Look you, Sir, I under-
stand the World and can see thro' these Stage Devices;
therefore, if your Worship thinks you have less Wit
than you brought down with you, and suspect you have
been robbed here, you'd e'en sue the County. [*Exit.*

Rey. Curse on his rustick Sense, 'twill never take:
What's to be done, *Hillaria*?

Hill. Ne'er be discouraged, Man; when you en-
gage an obstinate old Miser, fortify'd with Experience,
you attack a strong built Town; ev'ry stratagem must
be thought of, and ev'ry Faculty employ'd——I
swear, were it not for her Estate one wou'dn't take so
much Pains about the Creature; indeed her Face is
well enough, but she has a Shape like a Candle; then
she's horrid silly, for when one tells her of a likely
Fellow, she cries, my Father——If the rest o' the
World were but half as 'fraid of the Devil as she is
of that old Toast, he'd hardly have so much Pow'r o-
ver us——I hate any thing so mealy-mouth'd.

Rey. Prithee, *Hillaria*, leave this Woman's railing,
and say, what course shall I take.

Hill. Well, you Men, are the saddest Souls at an In-
treague without the Assistance of our Sex——Come
I'll tell you what's to be done——You know he's
mighty averse to any thing of a Gentleman, and re-
solves to marry her to some Country Grazier like him-
self: D'you assume that Habit, forge a Commendato-
ry Letter from some Neighbour of his, whose Name
you may easily learn, and carry it with all the Impu-
dence of *Fuller*; and if that don't cozen the old Fel-
low,

low, I'll be doom'd to die a Virgin, and that's a damnable hard Sentence.

Rey. By Heav'n, I like the Project, and will about it instantly.

Hill. For my part, I'll e'en go and make Love to Mr. Maiden, 'tis a sign our Sex are in sad want of Husbands when we are forc'd to court the Men; but my Pride must be supported; and faith I know the Town too well to lose any thing for want of Assurance.

Rey. Come, *Hillaria*.

*Tho' Fortune, like the wav'ring Sun-shine, dance,
With constant Eyes I'll humour ev'ry glance;
No Fars, no Crosses shall my Hopes destroy,
New Ways I'll study, and new Arts employ,
And in all Shapes, pursue th' amorous Boy.*

The End of the Thira A C T.

ACT.

A C T. IV.

S C E N E *continues.*

Enter Maiden.

Mai. I'M glad I ha' got away from 'em, I hate the stinking Taverns, and they made one drink Bumpers o' four Claret, without so much as Nutmeg and Sugar — Here comes Mrs. *Hillaria*, if she wou'd but make Love to me now, for tho' we Beaus seldom care for Marriage, 'tis pretty to have the Ladies fond of us.

Enter Hillaria.

Hill. Mr. *Maiden*, we have wanted you extremely at the Tea Table, I heard you weren't well.

Mai. Indeed, Madam, I was forc'd to lie down a little; I'm but a weakly Body, this hot weather overcomes one strangely.

Hill. Nay really I have often accus'd the Tyranny of the Mode, in obliging you to wear those great Wigs; 'tis well you Beaus are not inclin'd to be hot headed — But Summer time is tedious to ev'ry Body; I wonder how so many fat Gentlemen can endure the Green all Day, tho' 'tis pleasant enough to look out o' the Window and observe them — To see a Tun o' Grease, with a broad fiery Face, and a little black Cap, waddle after a Bowl rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, and lose more fat in getting a Shilling — than wou'd yield him a Crown at the Tallow-Chandlers.

Maid.

Mai. Why truly, Madam, we have a World o' greasie Beaus about Town, I fancy half the Gentlemen o' the last Age marry'd their Cook Maids : But I never appear upon the Green amongst 'em, for in two Minutes one's tann'd abominably, besides I hate those fatiguing Diversions.

Hill. Then your *Kentish* Men here are for leaping ; and throwing a great Iron-bar, as if the slavish Exercises of a Porter, cou'd heighten the Character of a Gentleman.

Mai. These *Kentish* Folks value themselves so much upon their Strength, and because they carri'd a few Boughs against *William* the Conqueror ; they talk of bearing Oak Trees. I warrant in Time they'll pretend to remove the City of *London* into their own Country — Some People too are fond of a Horse, I wonder what pleasure there is in jumbling one's Bones to a Jelly ; I'm sure I was as weak once with riding a Mile and a half as if I had lain in : But I love a Spring-chariot mightily, and there's nothing we Beaus take more pride in than a sett of genteel Footmen, I never have any but what wear their own Hair, and I allow 'em a Crown a Week for Gloves and Powder ; if one shou'dn't, they'd steal horribly to set themselves out, for now not one in ten is without a Watch, and a nice Snuff-Box with the best Orangery, and the liberty of the Upper-Gallery, has made 'em so confounded pert, that as they wait behind one at the Table they'll either put in their word, or mimick a Body, and People must bear with 'em, or else pay 'em their Wages.

Hill. Nay, a shining Equipage fooths my Vanity to the last degree, we shall make the most suitable Couple.

Mai. [*Aside*] Couple — I knew she wanted a Body.

Hill. And really, Mr. Maiden, to conceal the matter no longer, I am in Love with you to Death.

Mai. Truly, Madam, Marriage is a thing I hav'n't thought on yet.

Hill.

Hill. That Mein, Air, Face, Wit, Shape, that moving Softness, and those speaking Eyes, at once have rais'd me to the height of Joy, and thrown me to the Bottom of Despair.

Mai. [*Aside.*] She's mighty fond methinks, she may be a Cheat for ought I know; for so many rakish Women come down to *Tunbridge*, to make their Fortunes among us Men of Estates, that if a Body ha'n't great care one may be stole—How shall I get away from her—Madam, I'll but step into the Back-yard, and wait on you presently.

[*Exit.*

Hill. I find nothing can be made of this Fellow, there's somewhat in his Nature contrary to Love—Oh! here comes my spruce Militia Captain, as remarkable for Impudence as the other for Modesty—With what variety of Fools is this place supply'd.

Enter Squib.

Squ. [*Aside.*] A flinching Son of a *Succubus*, to pretend calling for a Looking-Glass; and sneak away—My Mistress—Hem—Now for my Rhetorick—Madam, I am ravish'd with your Air, the Lustre of your Eyes, the Accuteness of your Wit, and the Symmetry of your Person; there is not a Lady, whose Presence I admire more, throughout the Cosmical System.

Hill. I find, Captain, you have Eloquence to engage the Women, as well as Valour to subdue the Men, but 'tis my Misfortune, not to be touch'd with those extraordinary Faculties, that bait so many of my Sex.

Squ. Some Ladies indeed are of a cold Constitution, but can you, Madam, object to one particular throughout the finished Catalogue of my Perfections? But 'tis the General Fate of us Men o'the Fashion, to captivate the crowd o' Ladies, and yet be slighted by a single she we love.

[*Sings.*

Take

*Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not ev'ry Day.*

Hill. [Aside.] Was there ever such a Coxcomb—I must own, Captain, your Graces are very insinuating, but so many Reasons perswade me against a martial Love—A Woman that values her Husband, is always apprehensive of the chance o' War; then shou'd you be kill'd in a Battle, one must sneak to the Government for a Pension of twenty Shillings a Week to subsist half a score Children, and hammer out the rest Washing and Starching; besides, a Soldier's Wife has so very little credit abroad, that shou'd one happen to be out o' Cash, one may want so much as a Paper o' Pins.

Squ. Want Pins—Madam, you shall eat Pins—Those are your poor starving Officers that live by bullying, and their Wives by Cullies; I have three hundred a Year in Possession, and two more in Reversion, when my Grandmother *Ptyfick* dies; so that you may have ready Money, you may go to the Tripe Woman's with ready Money, to the Strong-Water-shop with ready Money, and to the Mercers with ready Money; and that's what half the Women of o'Quality can't pretend to—Then for Pedigree, the *Squibs*, Madam, are as ancient and numerous a Race as the *Hittites*, the *Jebusites*, or the *Girgishites*: I have Relations considerable in all parts o' the World, Don *Greazywhiskers*, Renegado *de Vigo*, Seignior *Furioso Flammoso de Mount Ætna*, Lord *Hounsditch*, Monsieur *Nè'er a Shirt*; and in *Holland* my dear Uncle *Myn Heer Belch Van Butter-box*, will not all this prevail? Ye Stars, is there no way to make her mine?

Hill.

Hill. One way, Captain, there is, and but one; I have sworn never to yield myself without a Duel; a Woman's hardly spoke of till she has occasion'd Blood-shed: All Ladies o' Figure, when they design to marry, contrive some way to be fought for, then receive the Conqueror, to show they approve the Deed——Mr. *Loveworth*, Captain, is your Rival; d'you engage him, if you succeed my Person is the Reward: You'll not find it difficult, he's a Coward, and will scarce stand the Brunt.

Squ. [*Afide.*] A Coward, nay then I may venture to challenge him——If that be all, Madam, 'tis done already——I'll mince the Dog——Rival me, an audacious Rascal——Madam, I'll anatomize him for your Ladyship's Curiosity——[*Afide.*] I'll to the Tavern and get a little flush'd, few have Courage enough to fight in cool Blood. Now Fortune, for my Mistress and my Fame.

*'Tis my last Refuge, and if that don't win her,
O all you Gods above—The Devil's in her.* [Exit.]

Hill. Now have I a mighty Pleasure in setting two Fellows a tilting; shou'd one of them be run thro', what an Air 'twill be upon the Walks, for People to observe a Body, and cry, she had a Man kill'd about her; if they both prove Cowards, 'twill afford Mirth to see two Fools parry at a Distance, they are sure not to hurt one another, and that's not unlikely in this Periwig Age. Psha! my old Suitor, Mr. *Loveworth*, how insipid is a Fellow's Company one has been acquainted with a Month; I begin now to hate him so very heartily, that the Devil take me if I don't——marry him——but what Humour shall I affect, in the Morning I rally'd him, now I'll ha' the Spleen, that will give him an Opinion of my Understanding, for the most fashionable Sign of a modern great Wit, is a great deal of ill Nature.

Enter Loveworth.

Lov. Save you, save you, Madam! what, melancholy!

Hill. One's apt to be so, Sir, at the approach of dull Company.

Lov. Oh, she has got the Spleen, I'll fetch her out of that presently. [*Sings and dances a Minuet.*]

Hill. Now were I really out of Humour, splenetic and sick even to Death, that Minuet wou'd set me a dancing. [*Sings the same Tune, and dances.*] I find Mr. *Loveworth*, 'tis in vain for us Women to assume ill Nature with you Men that know our blind Side.

Lov. We know, Madam, your Natures are not rough, but you Ladies so damnably dissemble Cruelty where you find you are belov'd, we don't know what to make on't.

Hill. Good Sir, don't mention Love, that will give me the Vapours indeed; but where's *Belinda*, Mrs. *Goodfellow*, *Penelope*, and the rest o' the Company?

Lov. Oh! Madam, they are all got to Cards in the Summer-House at the lower End o' the Garden.

Hill. At Cards, and I here! Heav'n forgive me, I don't use to slip an Opportunity of getting Money; I'll be with 'em this Moment, but dear Mr. *Loveworth*, that Minuet again.

[*Both sing and go out in the Minuet Step. Exeunt.*]

Enter Woodcock with a Letter, and Reynard in a Country-Habit.

Wood. [*Reading.*] Numerous Tenements—Great Store of Cattle—And Lands very extensive in *Romney Marsh*.—[*Aside.*] A most convenient Place for my Owling Trade, exporting Wool, and running French Goods — I find, Sir, you are commended to me for a Son-in-Law.

Rey.

Rey. Yes.

Woodc. Pray, what Estate may you have about Romney Marsh?

Rey. Estate, why I have Estate enough to set up who I please for Parliament Man, and when I ha' done, think I ha' Wit enough to gi'n Instructions how he shall behave himself.

Woodc. A notable Fellow this; no great Orator I see, but his Meaning's good.

Rey. Now, pray, what has your Daughter, for if her Vortune don't answer my Estate, I'll not have her, be she a Cherubim, louse me.

Woodc. [*Aside.*] My own Humour——He knows the Market, I find, and I warrant has bought many a Horse——And I'd have a Man inspect a Wife as he does a Horse, see if she has all her Teeth, and her Quarters tight and sound. I'm sure he that marries a London Dame has Reason enough to do't, for the better Sort, what with drinking hot Liquors, and eating Sugar Plumbs at Church, not one in ten has a Tooth left; and for the middle Sort, I don't believe there's an Orange Woman at the Play-House or a Sempstress on the Exchange, that's Pepper-proof——Well, Friend, I'll shew you my Daughter, if you like her Person, you may find her worth more than you imagine. [*Exit.*]

Rey. An honest old Fellow——So, thus far the Plot succeeds; but how shall I blind him in Relation to the Estate——That's easy——'Tis but getting a few false Deeds, and the Matter's done——We can't want Forgery or Perjury while the Nation affords Lawyers.

Re-enter Woodcock with Belinda.

Woodc. Daughter, use him courteously, and endeavour to like him; his Estate joined to yours will make you the greatest Woman in the Country.

Rey. A Strapper i' faith——a well built Lads; tho' white and red like a Stockgilliflower, and a choice

Pair of Udders—I must taste her——b' your Leave
forsooth——[*Kisses her.*] As tender as a Pullet, and I
warrant as juicy as a Burgamy Payre.

Bel. Please to fit, Sir (*They fit.*)

Rey. They say we shall have a good Crop t' Year.

Bel. As the Weather proves, Sir.

Rey. Ay——'Tzeems, forsooth, I and you are to
be Zweet-hearts, and lig together for the Good of our
Kind——Nay, pray you now be'nt so shy; look a
little smirking upon a Body——do——If I don't
love you with all my Soul, Heart's Blood, Liver and
Lights, I'll gi' you leave to make a Harcelet of me.

Woodc. Very well, but I'll leave 'em together, 'tis'nt
fair to observe Lovers. (*Exit.*)

Bel. (*Rising.*) Ha, ha, ha, methinks Sir, the Clown's
very natural, and the Gentleman but affected; I'd
advise you wear this Habit always, turn perfect Far-
mer, and go to Plow.

Rey. In the Field of Love, Madam, I agree with
you; you see what Forms and Shapes you have Pow-
er to turn us into; I'm glad you kept your Coun-
tenance, for tho' a Design be carried on to the very
finishing Point, your giggling Sex are apt to burst
out and spoil all——but, dear Creature, let's con-
trive some Way to be married instantly, for fear of a
Discovery.

Bel. The only Way I can think of is to solicit him
in *Propia Persona*, which you know he'll ne'er consent
to; and the more you press him for Mr. Reynard, the
Gentleman, the more you hasten the Match with Mr.
Reynard the Clown.

Rey. My Life, my Angel, let me hug thee for thy
Invention——'Dsdeath the old Man, let's be a little
familiar. (*They fit.*)

(Sings) *I'll tell you a Story, a Story so merry*

(*Woodcock enters.*)

Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury,

And of his House-keeping, and high Renown,

Which made him repair to fair London Town,

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Woodc.

Woods. So, so, I'm glad to see 'em so great already.

Rey. How now quoth King John, 'tis told unto me,
That thou keepest a far better House than I,
If thou dost not answer me Questions three,
Thy Head shall be taken from thy Body,
Derry down, &c.

You see, forsooth, I've no fine Singer, but i'faith I've
be th' loudest ev'ry Sunday in our Church for all that;
haugh.

Woods. Come *Belinda*, I'll relieve your Modesty the
first time; the Ladies inquire for you—Well, Sir,
can you love my Daughter?

Rey. Love her, ay, better than I do Beef and Pud-
ding; why she's a Boncritten—but i'faith we've not
part so—(Kisses her.) by my Troth, as pretty a
Morfel as a Mon wou'd desire to feed on.

(Sings) And if thou dost not answer me Questions three,
Thy Head shall be taken from thy Body.

—Derry down, &c.
(*Exeunt Woodcock and Reynard.*)

Enter *Hillaria*.

Hill. I have heard all, *Belinda*, and applaud my
own good Genius, but Intrigues of my forming ge-
nerally prosper; I often fancy I cou'd write a
Playons

Bel. Why don't you try, *Hillaria*?

Hill. No really, *Belinda*, a Poetess is so scandalous
a Character; for when a Woman has the Face to ap-
pear at Rehearsals, and teach Actors their Parts, her
Assurance will scruple nothing; besides Women Wri-
ters have quite lost their Reputation, for in Love
Scenes their Thoughts are so loose, and their Ex-
pressions so open and unveil'd, the Ladies can't be
seen at a Performance of their own Sex; and Ob-

scenity in a Woman is so odious—Well, *Belinda*, I long to see thee in a Lover's Arms, settled at *London*, and dress'd like other People: Lord! how the Women o' Quality wou'd titter to see a high Crown-Hat in the front Seat o' the Box: Thou art good-natured, Child, to suffer these Impositions; shou'd any old Humourist force a Steeple upon my Head, I'd make more Noise in his Ears than if 'twere a Church-Steeple with the whole Set o' Bells in't.

Bel. A ridiculous Habit reflects more on those that impose it, than on us, where Dependence forces a Subjection; but if I shou'd visit *London*, you'll instruct your Friend, *Hillaria*; for tho' frequenting *Tunbridge* may render one not awkward, I shall be a perfect Novice in half the Town Airs.

Hill. Why truly, *Belinda*, tho' our Observation be all Trifle, a Woman that's well vers'd in the Niceties of Behaviour, is thought no small Politician; for in the first Place, if you wou'd shew a refin'd Education, you must be very timorous, and fearful, skream at the Jolt of a Coach, or the Pop of a Pistol, die away at the Sight of a Rat; all well-bred Ladies are frighted at every Thing but a Man——Then you must be taken ill at publick Places, tho' not like my Lady *Fullmoon* that fainted away in a high Colour; but to humour a Swooning with a pretty Paleness, causes an agreeable Disturbance, and gives one an Opportunity to be supported by the Man one likes; then the next Morning, there's such Rattling with Footmen, which makes one considerable in the Neighbourhood, from this Lady and that Lady, tho' we hate one another mortally, to know how one's Head, and one's Stomach does, and how one rested that Night; and I all the while in my Closet at a Couple of cold Chickens, and a Tankard o'Sherry.

Bel. But what Amusements have you there?

Hill. Oh! Innumerable! My Head turns round with the promiscuous Enjoyment: There's the Play, where I generally sidle in about the Middle of the second Act, that People may think I have been detain'd

tain'd on some important Affair; if 'tis a Tragedy, I turn my Rump and talk to the Beaus behind; but a Comedy's very pleasant, if 'tis but abusive; I love Satyr strangely: Then *Hyde-Park*, oh! *Hyde Park* does ravish me.

Bell. But there you have no Conversation.

Hill. That's nothing, a World of pretty Things may be done without Speech; but tho' our Tongues are silent, we discourse still.

Bell. How so.

Hill. With our Fingers; there's many an Intrigue carry'd on that Way, and that's so pretty to appoint Time and Place, and not a Word spoke: That Art, they say, was invented to oblige some Men o' Quality, who wanted the Gift of Elocution; and are not these much preferable to the melancholy Country; where you may walk a whole Day, and not see a Man: I'm sure I was so mop'd there once for want of Company, I was glad to talk to the great Bull-Dog—Come, Child, we'll send for a Beau to carry us to *Southborough*, and I'll tell you more.

Bell. I wonder, *Hillaria*, you'll appear with these Beaus, and always speak so despicably of 'em.

Hill. They give one Snuff, lose their Money at Cards, and pay Coach-hire. (*Exeunt.*)

Loveworth and Squib meeting.

Squ. (*Aside.*) My Rival! dear Spirit of *Burgundy* assist me——Mr. *Loveworth*, draw.

Lov. Draw, Captain, upon what Account? How long have we been Enemies.

Squ. Look you, Sir, I'm for Action, and not Words: In short, you have endeavour'd to deprive me of my Mistress, and must either quit the Lady, or vindicate your Pretensions.

Lov. (*Aside.*) Ha, ha, ha, *Hillaria* has banter'd the Fool, I'll humour him a little——That Matter, Captain, we may decide more calmly——He who has serv'd her longest, best deserves her: if we can't

agree let the Lady determine it by her own Inclinations.

Squ. (*Aside.*) Is he thereabouts, I'll pursue the Point——Sir, the Temple of the bright *Hillaria*, I have made the Repository of my Affections; and whoever dares dispute the Legality of my Title, and not justify what he says, is a Son of an *Irish* Evidence, a Fool, and a pitiful Coward.

Lov. Nay, Captain, if you brand me with the Name of Coward, my Honour's concern'd; now I will fight. (*Draws.*

Squ. (*Looks surpriz'd*)——Will you fight——(*Puts up his Sword.*) Then gi'me thy Hand; now I won't fight with you; we Men of reciprocal Courage shou'd never fight, but a cowardly Rascal ought to be kick'd and posted.

Lov. No, Captain, I seldom draw my Sword; but once provok'd, 'tis never drawn in vain; now you shall fight.

Squ. (*Aside.*) O Lord, what shall I do now——Come, come, Mr. *Loveworth*, Friends shou'd never quarrel——The Lady's yours; I have a Stock of Mistresses, and can afford you half a Score at any Time.

Lov. Nay, Captain, if you won't fight, I must return you Coward, and Fool again, with that, that and that. (*Kicks him.*

Squ. 'Tis very well, Mr. *Loveworth*, mighty well, superlatively well, indeed; look you, Sir, I shall meet you one dusky Evening in St. *James's* Park.

Lov. And what will you do then, Sir?

Squ. Why, Sir, I'll order two or three of the Sentry to fling you into the Canal.

Lov. Will you so, Sir.

(*Kicks him again.*

Squ. Nay, now——I will walk off

(*Exit.*

Lov.

Lov. Thus flash of Valour, gilds the least Pretence,
 Thus Lawyers bawl and rise by Impudence,
 Huffing for Courage passes, Noise for Sense;
 By all Appearance, how the World's deceiv'd,
 Grave Dulness, Wisdom, canting Zeal's believ'd;
 Beggars were Desert, like Metal to be try'd,
 And each Pretender shou'd the Test abide,
 How many a Hero buffs without a Soul?
 How many a Statesman wou'd be found a Fool.

ACT V.

SCENE continues.

Enter Woodcock and Reynard.

Woodc. I Tell you, Mr. Reynard, my Daughter shall
 have no London Husband; I must have a
 Man that understands Farming, and will improve my
 Estate, raise Portions for younger Children, and yet
 double it to the eldest—Whereas your Town Gentle-
 men spend more in a Month than they receive in a
 Quarter; know nothing of their Lands, till they come
 to assign and set over; and I don't believe there's an
 Estate at Court, but is mortgag'd to an Alderman in
 the City.

Rey. [Aside] How perverse is Age? One may
 sooner civilize a Satyr, convert a Jew, or reduce a
 Woman from her Pride and Vanity, than persuade an
 old Fellow out of a rooted Obstinacy—But Mr. Wood-
 cock, you have Reason, and shou'd argue exceptionally,
 the Age may be extravagant enough; but d'you think
 it impossible for the Town to afford Men of Conduct
 and good Management?

Woodc. Not impossible, I grant you; but you may
 as well look for Cleanliness in Scotland, Money in

France, or Wit and Manners at Amsterdam, as Sobriety in London——To be plain, you are People of Principles, you have neither Religion, nor common Morality; and I desire Mr. *Reynard*, you'll desist your Pretensions: In short, I have engag'd a Person, fitter for my Daughter's Purpose, and more agreeable to my Temper.

Rey. What, the *Romney-Marsh* Gentleman, *Humphry Hobble*, Esq; ha, ha, ha.

Woodc. [*Aside.*] How the Devil came he to know him?

Rey. Mr. *Woodcock*, to convince you; you have a wrong Notion of us bred in Town, I'll be frank—Your Daughter and I are agreed; she receiv'd the Countryman only to Humour you, and told me all that pass'd between 'em, how he loll'd in his Chair like a drunken Justice, entertain'd her with a wretched old Song, and grunted out his Love after that boorish Manner, she fancy'd herself in a Hogsty——Since you see, Mr. *Woodcock*, I won't abuse you, allow me generous, and ratifie our Affections.

Woodc. [*Aside.*] The Curse of Maidenheads light upon the whole Sex——Mr. *Reynard*, I must confess, you are a very generous Person, and to return your Generosity, I will this Moment marry my Daughter to the Countryman—I shall spoil her for Intreague; that Women shou'd be such Fools to fall in love with Perriwigs and lac'd Coats; but 'twill be so, let a Man shew but a fair Outside, they don't care if he has no more Brains than a Grand-Jury. [*Exit.*]

Rey. Ha, ha, ha, now for my Country Face again.

Enter Loveworth.

Ned Loveworth sauntering about like an idle Courtier, or a poor Poet in search of a Dinner.

Lov. 'Tis true, *Frank*, I have no Heiresses to follow, nor cross Misers to attack; but I have a Mistress too, and a very whimsical one; for tho' she admits me

to squire her about, she won't suffer me to mention Love.

Rey. She'll consent the sooner; Women seldom care to talk of Love, 'till they resolve upon the Action, because they hate to be tantaliz'd.

Low. Well, my dear Friend, and how go Matters?

Rey. Swimmingly, swimmingly, Ned; I assum'd all the Clownishness imaginable: No true Peasant, bred amongst Cattle in the *Wild o' Kent*, or the *Peake* in *Derbyshire*, could have had a more rustical Air.

Low. Thou wert always a good Mimick, Frank: But can'st thou really lay aside all Conscience and Honesty, and have the Face to marry this Lady, and bubble the Yeoman out of such a prodigious Estate?

Rey. Conscience and Honesty, ha, ha, ha, thou shoud'st ha' been born seven Ages ago, those Things are obliterated now a-days, and for the Face o' the Matter, a Man of Intreague must have a Face for every Thing, the Women indeed are easily subdu'd, coquet Ladies like *Hillaria*, you win with Mimicry and Scandal; an old Maid that's miserably pitted with a Small-pox, you must praise her Youth and Beauty; to a young Creature you must talk modestly, to a Widow mathematically, but to surprize old Fathers that inspect our Designs, requires a Masterpiece of Nature——To deceive a Country Yeoman, I'm a Clown you see——To please a rich Sergeant, I cou'd be a spruce Barrister, come to the Court powder'd beyond a Side-box Beau, give a hem, and cry, may it please you my Lord, and you Gentlemen of the Jury——Nay, to curry with a superstitious old Uncle, I cou'd put on a precise, conventicle Face, and look as mortify'd as your sneaking Citizens do of late, since the downfal of the Whig Party. In short, Ned, if you wou'd rise in the World, you must have a Face for ev'ry thing—Why the Women give us that Example, who, they say, are arriv'd to that Perfection in Washes, Pastes and Powders, they'll alter their Looks

so, you shan't know 'em; and I heard of a fine Town-Lady who painted her Face with that Variety, she was pick'd up by a purblind Lord, six Nights together for a fresh Mistress — But, dear Ned, excuse me, thou know'st the Exigence of my Affairs, a Moment's trifling might be fatal.

Low. Success attend you, Sir. (*Exeunt differently.*)

Enter Woodcock and Belinda.

Woodc. Belinda, I must talk with you — [*Aside.*] But why shou'd I examine her? She'll tell me a hundred Lies with as grave a Face as a Presbyterian Divine, when he preaches up Conscience, and slides a silver Spoon into his Pocket — 'Tis impossible to know that Sex, they'll melt us with their Tears, and in the same Breath laugh at our Easiness; at Church, they'll be very devout with one Eye, and ogle a Fellow with t'other; and they have more Tricks, Querks, and Evasions to avoid speaking Truth, than an Attorney has in drawing an Answer in *Chancery* — *Belinda*; What think you of the new Gallant I brought you?

Bel. If my Approbation, Sir, wou'd not create in you an Aversion to him, I cou'd tell you, I like him, like him infinitely, beyond any Man in particular, and the whole Sex in general.

Woodc. (*Aside.*) If she be real, this pleases me indeed; this is News beyond an Express from *Italy* — 'Tis my Request then, that you marry him instantly.

Bel. Most willingly: The Moment that I saw him, a sudden Chilness seiz'd me ev'ry where; that Chilness as suddenly chang'd into a pleasing Warmth; the Warmth e're since keeps settl'd at my Heart, and my Thoughts fix'd on him.

Woodc. (*Aside.*) This is Love; but her Youth's unacquainted with these Symptoms, I have felt 'em formerly my self — This Hour then he shall be yours — (*Aside.*) But shou'dn't I first satisfy my self

self with the Reality of this Estate he pretends to have — It must be so, he lives too far from *London* to be a Cheat — Now, what an impudent Rogue is this *Reynard*, to pretend a Contract with my Daughter, when she all the while dies for Squire *Hobble* — But then, how shou'd *Reynard* know what pass'd between the Countryman, and her, unless the Devil help him to't; like, enough, truly, I believe most o' your Town-Sparks are very intimate with Alderman *Belzibub* — Come, *Belinda*, — (*Aside.*) Still I suspect a Trick, but if she marries him, there can be none; if she can cheat the Priest, she'll cheat the Devil. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Squib.

Squ. Pox of his Courage, I say; I shall be kick'd about by ev'ry Chocolate-House Beau, now they know I won't fight; how shall I be reveng'd? Shall I venture to challenge him — No — What shall I do then? Oh! I shall meet him in the publick Dancing-Room, and I'll sit above him. — But now, how can I appear before my Mistress? 'Tis no matter; there's *Penelope* with a better Fortune; and I cou'd like her, were she not so forward; People naturally slight those that are in Love with 'em, tho' should I have an Aversion to all the Women that are in Love with me, I might dispise the whole Sex; therefore I will marry her.

Enter Mrs. Goodfellow and Penelope.

Mrs. Goodf. Sweet Captain, we have sought for you vehemently; we wanted your Company with us to *Southborough*.

Squ. I have likewise, my fair *Penelope*, been upon the Chase for you, to inform you, some Ladies here have a violent Design upon my Person; and if you don't enclose me presently, I shall be ravish'd from your Arms.

Pen. Lose my dear Captain! Aunt, Aunt, run for Doctor

Doctor Dromedary, and let us be married before the Sun-reposes. (Exit Goodfellow.

Squ. Now, Madam, we must make a mighty Appearance, and have a stately Bridal Equipage; all new marry'd People of any Figure, keep a Coach the first Year.

Pen. We must go a visiting together, and to Hyde-park together, and be extreamly fond for a Month: Then, Captain, my Aunt, and I must go to the Artillery Ground o' Training Days, that the Soldiers may let off their Muskets, and cry, Heav'n bless the noble Captain's Lady; and sure nothing is so pleasant as to frequent Places where one's Husband has an Authority, that one may be very rude, and affront Folks — But, dear Captain, let's make haste; for should you be ravish'd from me now, I wou'd be more concern'd, than if I were ravish'd my self.

(Exit.

Enter Loveworth and Hillaria.

Hill. Sure no Courtier was ever worse plagu'd with a petitioning Poet, than I am with you.

Low. Sure no Poet was ever more coldly receiv'd by a stately Courtier, than I am by you; but to prove my Constancy, Madam, be as cruel as you please, I'll never leave you, I'm resolv'd to follow you, court you, and address you, till you yield.

Hill. And while you continue to follow me; court me, and address me, I will never yield.

Low. Why?

Hill. Because we Women love dearly to be follow'd, courted, and address'd; I must own, Mr. Loveworth; we do cully your Sex ev'ry way; while you court us, we make Spaniels of you; and when we have a mind to render you more contemptible, we make Husbands of you; and really you Lovers are mere Spaniels: for the worse you are us'd, the more you fawn.

Low. You know, Madam, you have Pow'r, and are resolv'd to triumph.

Hill.

Hill. We know you are Fools, and are resolv'd to laugh at you; but no more of this Chat, here's Company.

Enter Woodcock Singing.

Woodc. Sing *Old Sir Simon the King, tol, tol, &c.*

Lov. I'm glad to see you so merry, Mr. *Woodcock*, shan't we rejoice with you too?

Woodc. With all my Heart, Mr. *Loveworth*, I have just married my Daughter, and am resolv'd to dedicate a whole Twelvemonth to Mirth and Jollity; I'll broach my six Hogsheads of Stout, that were brew'd in the Days of King *Charles*, and make the whole Country as drunk, as at an Election of Burgesses.

Hill. Shan't we see your Son-in law, Sir?

Woodc. Presently, Madam, I left 'em but in the next Room to bill and coo a little——ha, ha, ha, what wou'd I give now Mr. *Reynard* were but here, to laugh at him a little, and let him see our Ale in the Country has inspir'd us with more Cunning than all his *Burgundy* in Town.

Lov. Oh! Here they come.

Reynard and Belinda, enter, and kneel to Woodcock.

Rey. Your Blessing Sir?

Woodc. Mr. *Reynard*!

Rey. The very fame, Son-in-law to you, and Partner to this Lady, by your own Choice and Approbation.

Woodc. Here's a Son of a Copper smith——But, Daughter *Belinda*, what means this Stuff? Did not I give you to the Countryman? and did not the Priest join your Hands? call in Doctor *Dromedary*.

Bel. You did, Sir; commanded by you, and prompted by my own Inclination, with a double Joy I receiv'd him for my Husband.

Rey. To humour you, Sir, I was that Countryman,

man, and to please this Lady am now Mr. Reynardagen.

Woodc. Why then Mr. Reynard is the Devil incarnate.

Low. I find, Mr. Woodcock, your Country Ale has clouded your Understanding a little.

Woodc. (*Aside.*) Hell and Furies, how have I been abus'd, impos'd on by a vain fluttering Fellow, and jilted by my own Daughter——'Sdeath, I shall be a Jest to the whole Country. Mr. Reynard, I own you have been too hard for me, your Wit has gain'd her, now let your Wit maintain her, my Estate deserves a better Usage.

Hill. Nay now, Mr. Woodcock, I must interpose.

Woodc. You? I have a mighty Respect indeed for your Sex.

Hill. I fancy, Sir, you never spent much Time in France——(*Aside.*) A true English Clown.

Low. But, Mr. Woodcock, your Experience shou'd consider these Frailties; she still respects you as her Father, but neither Duty, Friendship, nor Interest can prevail, against the Force of Love.

Woodc. No, I have a Sense of Money, and cannot bear to see it us'd like Dirt; before my Estate shall be spent in glaring Liveries, and feed an empty Pride, I'll fit out a Regiment to help carry on the War, and nobly spend it in my Country's Service; this Moment I discard her; since blind Love chang'd her State, blind Chance direct her Course——But who am I thus using? My Daughter? Who then must share my Wealth? if I reject my Child, my only Child——Nature, Nature, why d'you rack me thus.

Bell. We'll settle in the Country, Sir, dispose us as you please, pardon but this Offence, and own us yours.

Woodc. How easily Tears flow from Womens Eyes; after a voluntary Disobedience, they calm our Passion with a feign'd Repentance; her Sorrow moves me, tho' I know 'tis false: Can I dissolve this Marriage? No, Mr. Reynard, take her; as you use her,
you

you may hope my Favour. My personal Estate shall descend to her; my real Estate I'll settle on your eldest Son, whom I expect to breed under my own Eye, and according to my own Humour——'tis very hard, if you deny me that——On those Conditions, Heav'n bless you both.

Rey. I have various Reasons, Sir, to value your Esteem, and endeavour to oblige you, my Interest, my Love to this Lady, and chiefly to persuade you from a Prejudice against Men of Education——To gain a Mistress, we're allow'd Deceit; in all Things else you shall find me a Man of Honour.

Low. Now, Madam, we may congratulate your Happiness.

Hill. (*Aside to Bell.*) You see, *Belinda*, my Words are verifi'd; 'tis observed, Fathers love us better than we do them, these Eruptions will occasion some Conflict, but 'tis soon over, except it be some very cross old Fellows, who when their disoblig'd, won't part with their Money, but they die the sooner, and one has it then——*Mr. Woodcock*, this Action has won my Favour strangely; I must extol your Goodness; nay, I shall speak well of you behind your Back, (*Aside.*) and that's what I never did of any body yet.

(*Musick without.*)

Rey. Bless us, what mighty Procession have we here, that all the Musick in the Place is muster'd up?

The Musicians enter playing, Squib and Penelope, affectedly humouring Time, Mrs. Coodfellow following.

Parturiunt Montes nascetur ridiculus Mus.

Squ. Gentlemen, and Ladies, my Dear and I come to acquaint you with our Nuptials.

Hill. *Penelope* and the Captain marry'd!

Pen. Why really Madam, my Dear and I found ourselves so very fit for one another, Nature wou'd not let us be any longer asunder.

Squ. Sure no Pair were ever so well match'd as my Dear and I.

(*Kissing.*
Pen.

Pen. Sure no Pair were ever so fond as my Dear and I.

Hill. (Aside.) Sure no Pair were ever so affected as my Dear and I: Is there any thing so fulsome as a new marry'd Couple, that play the Fool, and kiss before Company?

Rey. (Aside.) I shall marr their Joy presently—— But here comes soft Mr. *Maiden* mortified to the last Degree: For after all his Musick, Painting, and other fine Accomplishments, he's discover'd to have no Estate.

All. No Estate, ha, ha, ha.

Rey. Some Gentlemen it seems, pleas'd with his Vanity, buz'd a plausible Story in his Ears, and brought him down hither to make him ridiculous.

Hill. Poor Mr. *Maiden*! But 'tis many a Beau's Case, to build a mighty Appearance on a very slender Foundation. The greatest Beaus we have about Town now, are Milliners, Mercers, Lawyers Clerks, and 'tis such upstart Fellows that ruin so many poor Tradesmen; for amongst 'em all, you'll scarce find a Perriwig that's paid for.

Enter Maiden.

Maid. What a Pox, must I go to the *Change* agen, and sell Gloves and Ribbons?

Squ. No Estate! O Lord, *Maiden*, what will become of your Airs now?

Bel. What pity 'tis, the fine Mr. *Maiden*, who does ev'ry thing so much like Quality, shou'd be forced to turn Mechanick.

Woodc. What will your Patchwork, and your Filla-gree signify now, Friend, without an Estate to keep your Follies in Countenance?

Hill. Come, come, Mr. *Maiden*, ne'er be concern'd, Riches are only to supply other Defects; your Graces may command a Lady with an Estate at any Time.

Maid. Nay, whenever I marry, I don't doubt of a good Fortune yet; when I was at the *Change* before,
People

People us'd to call me handsome Mr. Maiden. I have a Brother too, so like me, no Body can distinguish us, and we us'd to cheat Folks, and lay it upon one another.

Rey. But the Captain here is more to be pitied, who instead of marrying into a great Family, and with a great Fortune, has made an Alliance with Mrs. *Lime-Juice*, that keeps a Punch House in *Long-Acre*, and her Niece *Jenny Trapes*, who being known by ev'ry Body in Town, thought to pass at *Tunbridge* for a chaste *Penelope*.

Squ. *Jenny Trapes*—— What that Carrot pated Jade that lodges at the Corner of *White-Horse Alley*.

Rey. The same indeed, only she has black'd her Hair with a Leaden Comb.

Squ. The Devil black her all over.

All. Ha, ha, ha, give you Joy Captain.

Hill. Nay, really, I always took her for some such Creature, she has made no Show since she came, but always trapish and dirty, like an Actress at a Morning Rehearsal.

Maid. Marry'd her! O Lard, Captain, what will become of your Airs now?

Squ. Sir—(*Aside.*) I have study'd Intreaguings to a fine Purpose, to be trick'd at last, by an old Brandy-Bottle.

Rey. Nay, they have cheated one another, for the Captain, whom I had a particular Reason to enquire after, instead of being a worthy Officer, and a Man of Substance, is found to be one of the Handicraft Gentlemen that sit cross'd Legg'd six Stories high, spoil a World of good Cloth, by putting it into an ill Shape, and stuff up long Bills with Canvas, Buckram, and Stay-tape.

All. A Taylor, Ha, ha, ha.

Rey. We always fancied he had a shambling Air, but Yesterday as he drew out his Handkerchief, he happen'd to drop a Measure upon the Walks, and discover'd all.

Woodc.

Woodc. What a Misfortune 'tis so renown'd a Warrior shou'd dwindle into a Louse Cracker.

Hill. I'm sorry, Captain, I cou'dn't receive you for a Husband, a *Taylor's* Wife you know, wou'd sound but odly at *Tunbridge*, but I'll be sure to send for you when I have Occasion for a new Jump.

Maid. A *Taylor*, nay, now I will banter him—— Captain, pray how many Yards o' Cloth must you have to make my Monkey a Pair of Breeches?

Squ. 'Dsblood, Sir.

Maid. [*Starts.*] Now the Duce take me if I a'n't afraid of him still, tho' I know he's but the ninth Part of a Man.

Rey. Well, Captain, you may keep your Title for all this; *Taylor's*, *Shoemakers*, and *Barbers*, may serve for Militia Officers, since you only fight Mock-Battles, and represent what a Captain shou'd be.

Squ. Look you, Sir, 'tis natural for us that dwell in a Garret to be a little high minded, therefore I came down to *Tunbridge*, in hopes to make my Fortune, but since I find my Expectations frustrated, I candidly take my leave, and Gentlemen, and Ladies, when you come to Town, if you'll favour me with a Visit at the Doublet in *Barbakin*, 'twill be gratefully acknowledg'd by your very humble Servant *Ezekiel Cowcumber*. [Exit.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Woodc. Come, good People, some Neighbours of mine shall divert you on this Occasion, tho' I design'd it an Entertainment suitable to a Rural Marriage.

Hill. [*To Goodf. and Pen.*] Ladies, virtuous Ladies, you'll not deprive us of your Company, Ladies.

Goodf. I ne'er was out of Countenance till now, I'll ship off all I have, and run to *Ireland*.

Pen. I'll go hang my self in *White-Horse-Alley*.

(*Exeunt.*

An Entertainment.

Lov. Well, Madam, now you see other People coupl'd, What say you to a Dance?

Hill. Marriage, Mr. *Loveworth*, is too solemn a Dance, I'm for a Frisk, a Minuet or so, but I hate the Brawls, tho' really 'tis like a Feast, and to see People eat heartily, wou'd make one fall to, tho' one had no Stomach——[*Aside.*] Now I find he's desperately in Love, I'll give myself an Air of Generosity——but Mr. *Loveworth*, since we come to talk seriously o' the Matter, I must deal ingeniously with you, the Report you have of my Fortune, is utterly false——My Parents were mighty well bred People, and what they shou'd have laid up for my Portion, they spent in my Education; I have a great deal of good Humour, and all that, but no Money; I'll tell you one Thing, I am a Maid, but don't expose me; therefore if you can like a Woman with only the Cloaths to her Back, and a Dozen good Smocks or so, I must own a very great Affection for your Estate.

Lov. Hang Fortune, Madam, your Wit and Beauty may command the World, I'd marry you tho' you hadn't so much as Fig-Leaves.

Hill. That's very kind; take me then, and since I bring you nothing, I'll manage your Estate so prudently, I'll save you a Fortune, and in twenty Years Time you shall know no Difference——Now did I depend upon rambling about, Chastity, and clean Linnen, and thought not of being that sluttish Thing a Wife these seven Years, but——ugh, these Men, when they get an Ascendant over us, they turn and wind us just as they please.

Rey. Sister, I approve your Choice and wish you much Satisfaction.

Lov. *Hillaria*, his Sister.

Rey. My own dear Sister; we were both cast in the same Mould.

Bel. *Hillaria*.

Hill.

Hill. Belinda!

Rey. There is an Estate too belonging to our Family under some Incumbrances, which a little of Mr. Woodcock's Assistance might discharge, and raise a genteel Fortune for my Sister.

Woodc. Not a Souse, Mr. Reynard, till you have shown your Skill, produce me a Grandson and you bind me yours.

Hill. (Aside, to Rey.) You must rest contented, Brother, and resolve to study his Temper: 'Tis not for the Weak to oppose the Strong: We naturally flatter and dissemble for our Interest; therefore coax him all you can, and when you have wheedl'd him out of one half of his Estate, go to Law with him for the rest.

Rey. (To Woodc.) You need not doubt my Performance, Sir.

*Beauty it self sufficiently prevails,
And Gold excites us oft, when Beauty fails,
But, with a double Force, our Skill we prove,
When two such Charms unite to prompt our Love.*

F I N I S.





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in Dame-street.*

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